THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIV. No. 1135 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	665
THE PROBLEM OF THE PRESS	668
AFTER THE SHOUTING. By G. D. H. Cole	668
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	669
THE ABBEY, JAMES! By Sagittarius	670
THIS ENGLAND	670
REPORT ON KENYA—II. By Kingsley Martin	670
SCHOOL SEATS IN 1960? By Peggy Jay	671
PRAGUE PURGE	672
WHITE AS A SWEEP. By Mervyn Jones	673
DEFEAT IN THE AFTERNOON. By Aylmer Vallance	674
WHERE'S RALEIGH'S CLOAK? By G. W. Stonier	676
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	Page
Bother Politics! By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	678
The Movies. By William Whitebait	679
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	679
CORRESPONDENCE	681
From Henry Muoria; Lady Selwyn-Clarke; K. Weisskopf; Dr. Alex Comfort; Igor B. Boussel; Frederick Riddle and others; Freda Barrymore.	
CHRISTMAS BOOKS—II:	
Six Poems. By William Empson; G. S. Fraser; Robert Conquest; Michael Hamburger; D. J. Enright; James Reeves	683
Reviews by Benedict Nicolson; Arthur Elton; Noel Annan; G. W. Stonier; John Raymond; Andrew Porter; Desmond Shawe-Taylor; Gavin Maxwell; Naomi Lewis; Margaret Read.	Page
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Walter Allen	695
REVIEWS:	
The Laski Legacy. By Norman MacKenzie	696
A Critical Malaise. By Graham Hough	696
Mr. Taylor Rides Again. By Asa Briggs	698
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	698
A TRANSLATION AND SOME REPRINTS	699
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	700
CHESS. By Assiac	702
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square	702

Back on the Front Bench

A MONTH ago, anyone would have been laughed to scorn for predicting that Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan would this week be jointly leading the attack on the Government in the first Censure Motion of the Session. Yet this is just what has happened. The bitter factionalism and intrigue, which surrounded the disbandment of the Bevanite group and the election of the new Shadow Cabinet, have suddenly been dissipated by the somewhat shamefaced discovery that both sides are on the same side after all. The leading contestants can congratulate themselves on having averted a split.

Both Morrisonians and Bevanites in the constituencies will share the sense of relief which now pervades the Parliamentary Party. But Socialists outside Parliament may be permitted to ask what the row was really about, if it can be so easily ended. If Mr. Bevan, as Mr. Attlee recently asserted, was really heading a dangerous conspiracy at Morecambe, why is he now invited to lead the attack in Parliament? If the Bevanites' onslaughts on the policies of the Old Guard were justified, how can they now so abruptly call off the fight?

No one can expect these pertinent questions to be objectively answered by the politicians chiefly concerned. Mr. Bevan's resignation from Mr. Attlee's Government suddenly and dramatically polarised the conflicting forces in the Labour Movement. The Right, headed by Mr. Morrison, Mr. Gaitskell and the big trade union leaders, remained in control of the Parliamentary and industrial machines. The Bevanites quickly captured the enthusiastic allegiance of the militants in the trade union branches and the constituency parties. It became clear after Morecambe that neither could win because neither could capture the other's stronghold. The result was a prostrating bout of fever which threatened to paralyse Labour's body politic.

If it is the mark of a healthy organism to fight for its life against a sudden disease, then the Labour Party is still sound. The patient's temperature has dropped to subnormal as suddenly as it jumped up; and the paralysis of action is passing away. There is an enormous sense of relief, but there is also an uneasy awareness that, though this fevered crisis is over, the disease may return as suddenly as it went, if its causes are not dealt with.

The diagnosis of those causes is not difficult. It is a truism to say that the Labour Party has exhausted the policies of 1945 without replacing them. Much more significant is the fact that it is confronted with a world situation so new and so alarming that its leaders have still not dared to examine it honestly, far less to explain it to the British people. Under the pressure of that situation, the Labour Government in 1951 was drifting fast and far from its traditional Socialist principles. The Bevanite revolt was a reaction against this drift. Although the Bevanites succeeded in revitalising the Party and compelling it to repudiate some of its worst concessions to expediency, there is force in the argument of Professor Cole, which we print on another page, that they were afraid of quenching the new-found enthusiasm of their supporters by too many harsh doses of political realism. And this may be one reason why the controversy, which began by stimulating thought, degenerated into personal feuding. It revived Socialist fervour but contributed few of the new ideas which must form the basis of any genuine unity of action.

The fact is that on economic issues there has never been a basic dispute between Left and Right. Last week Mr. Douglas Jay, a leading ex-Minister, and Mr. Harold Wilson, both made important speeches on this subject. They agreed that the dollar gap is now the central problem; that convertibility is no solution; that Britain can only earn her living by a huge increase in engineering and home food production; and that these increases cannot be obtained without a wide extension of public ownership in heavy chemicals, engineering and land tenure. The domestic measures they proposed were identical. Neither Mr. Jay nor Mr. Wilson would make such pronouncements without full consultation with their closest associates, and there is little reason to doubt that the National Executive

will be able to work out a new domestic programme for the Party along the lines they suggest. The differences of Left and Right here are not differences of policy and intellect but of emphasis, tempo and, perhaps, will.

Where there is still confusion—and therefore ground for conflict—is in foreign policy, and its repercussions on home economics. What should be the size of our overseas military commitments? What should be the attitude of the next Labour Government to American aid, to Western European union and the whole policy of military containment? Here, unfortunately, both Bevanites and anti-Bevanites are still content with vague appeals to Socialist principle. Yet if anything is clear it is that the domestic programme of a Labour Government will be at the mercy of political and military considerations. Agreement on a domestic programme, therefore, which leaves these considerations out of account or deals vaguely with them will be weak and liable to be shattered when sudden emergency forces a decision on the leadership. If the end of organised Bevanism means the suppression of serious discussion on these vital issues, then the new unity achieved at Westminster will not last long. But if it means that these issues can now be argued out without personal factionalism, then a healthy unity may develop out of what is still a temporary truce.

What Next in Korea?

Though Mr. Vyshinsky's brusque rejection of the Indian plan for Korea seems to have closed the door that Mr. Menon has tried hard to keep open, the Assembly's (54 to 5) vote for the proposals is not entirely futile. It has shown the Chinese that the U.N. is willing to go a considerable way to meet the Communist case, if, indeed, it is the fear that prisoners are being coerced into refusing repatriation that is now the only obstacle to a truce. It may well be that Peking has been tempted by the Indian proposals, but that overall Communist strategy finds greater advantage in leaving things as they are, than in seeking a mere truce in Korea.

No doubt, as Mr. Menon suggested, the only effective solution is one which offers the Chinese the full recognition and admission to the U.N. which would be a guarantee of a larger political settlement than a mere military armistice in Korea. Failing any prospect of this, it may seem to the Russians and the Chinese that more is to be gained by keeping American units and resources tied up in the Korean peninsula, and allowing political frictions to develop among the U.N. Powers, and between the Asian and Atlantic nations.

The danger that now arises, and is likely to increase when Mr. Eisenhower returns from his visit to Seoul, is of a gradual extension of the war, whereby the Americans treat Korea, Formosa and Indo-China as fronts in a Far East campaign theatre. It is most unlikely that Mr. Eisenhower will immediately recommend anything more than this, coupled with a blockade of the China coast. There is certainly no reason to believe that he will be won over by Syngman Rhee's demands for all-out war. But if this is the line that the Americans now intend to take, it seems to be the exact counterpart of the Russian tactics. Both the Great Powers want to avoid open and full-scale war against the other. Each is prepared to help its associates in a series of wars around the periphery of the Soviet sphere. If this is in fact the case, then there may well come a point where the Americans may have to choose between cutting their losses or facing a long and exhausting conflict in an area which cannot yield decisive results.

Unrationed Eggs

If a black market becomes big enough, the only cure is to abandon all attempts at orderly distribution and create a free market: it was with this astonishing profession of political faith that Major Lloyd George announced, last week, the de-rationing of eggs, next Spring. Why he failed to bring errant producers to heel by relating supplies of feeding stuffs to the number of eggs delivered to packing stations, the Minister did not trouble to explain—except to say that his Department could not cope with 350,000 producers. In any case, the de-rationing decision probably sprang mainly from the Chancellor's desire to save a further £20m. or so in his bill for subsidies.

It remains to be seen how the consumer will fare. British egg prices, on the face of it, should tend to approximate to the 6s. per dozen which is the rule in most Continental countries; but it is to be feared that prices will soar beyond the reach of the poor in periods of seasonal scarcity. Since the Government apparently proposes to continue paying a guaranteed price for all eggs delivered to packing stations, the farmer should not stand to lose even in periods of "flush" production; and the consumer will doubtless be jovially exploited in the months of scarcity. It seems possible, however, that Labour members who expressed fears that eggs might rise to 12s. a dozen in the worst part of the year were unduly alarmist. The Ministry of Food will be the sole importer of eggs, and will thus be in a position, if the Government so wishes, to maintain adequate supplies in the shops.

The Miners' Wage

The miners' leaders have been working away at their attempt to produce a classification of pit jobs as the basis for a new wage-structure in the industry. The process began with taking the 6,000 different names for jobs collected by the National Coal Board from the various coalfields and reducing them to about 300 really different jobs. Even this was none too easy; for though some of the 6,000 are only different local names for the same jobs, the division of tasks differs greatly from one coalfield to another, so that there are a great many real local variations. The second step, now being taken, is to reduce the 300 jobs to about 20 grades, each with a uniform wage-rate; and this is likely, even after the miners have drawn up their list, to involve difficult discussions with the Board about the degree of skill each job requires. Even when this has been done, there will remain the still harder task of dealing with the immense complexity of piecework systems, which at present vary from colliery to colliery, or even from seam to seam, as well as from district to district.

Quick results are not to be expected. It will be a great advance if a uniform system of grading for basic wage-rates can be arrived at, leaving the piecework problem to be tackled bit by bit. Certainly, the miners are unlikely to be ready to wait for improvements until the whole process is complete. The period for which piece-rates were stabilised after the Porter award has now expired, and the pit lodges are certain to seek local advances to offset their disappointment at the rejection of their national claim. But these could best be dealt with within the general framework of a new grading system.

The Saar Votes

A large number of the Saarlanders who went to the polls last Sunday must have felt like the man who is asked: "Do you still beat your wife?" Whether they spoilt their ballot papers—as the Germans had advised them—or voted for one of the four licensed political parties, they had no chance of expressing what most of them seemed to want above all—genuine democracy and good relations with both France and Germany. Thus the election result is meaningless, even though Herr Hoffmann, the Saar Premier, has celebrated it as a great triumph. The licensed Opposition parties have never been a genuine Opposition—except for the Communists, who are tolerated merely because they have little influence. In any case, the Saarlanders know as well as anyone that the future of the territory depends far less on their own preferences than on the success or failure of the negotiations between Paris and Bonn.

Since the breakdown of these negotiations several weeks ago, the French have offered a number of concessions which promise the Saar a more genuine autonomy and some redress of important economic grievances. That in itself should make an understanding with Germany easier. Unfortunately, the election has so embittered German feelings that the positive effect of these concessions may well be cancelled out. Dr. Adenauer, no doubt, is as anxious as ever to come to an agreement with France. But the Pan-German indignation over the Saar election will make it much more difficult for him to conclude such an agreement in a spirit of compromise. If compelled to make the choice, he will probably prefer the approval of his countrymen to the approval of Paris.

The "Frontier Gandhi"

In a recent Debate on the Public Security Act in the Pakistan Parliament, Opposition M.P.s demanded the release of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, often known as the "Frontier Gandhi." If the Government had anything against him, let them try him in an open court! When he and his colleagues were arrested in June, 1948, and sentenced to three years' rigorous imprisonment, inspired propaganda suggested that this devoted follower of Gandhi was plotting disturbances in the North-West Frontier Province to coincide with the proposed arrival of Indian troops. This was as absurd as the British pretence, when he was arrested after the failure of the second Round Table Conference, that he was planning an armed revolt against the British Government! For Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan, who has spent 15 out of the 30 years of his political career in prison, was Gandhi's lieutenant in the North-West

Frontier Province, and the organisation which he formed—the Khudai Khidmatgar, meaning "Servants of God"—led the civil disobedience campaign. Perhaps some people—not the British Government—may have been deceived by the fact that his followers were frequently called "Red Shirts," not because their politics were "Red"—on the contrary they were apostles of non-violence—but because they dyed their *Khaddar* shirts with local brick dust.

Equally untrue were the rumours that he was disloyal to Pakistan. The fact is that in September, 1947, the Red Shirts passed resolutions calling Pakistan "their own country" and pledging their support to its cause; they announced their severance from the All-India Congress Organisations, and whilst they criticised Abdul Quaiyum's Ministry at that time as "undemocratic," they declared that they would take no steps to embarrass it. Ghaffar Khan himself took the oath of allegiance to Pakistan at the first session of the Constituent Assembly in Karachi in February, 1948, and a month later in the Frontier Assembly his followers, as the Opposition Party, did the same. Nor was this all; Mr. Jinnah personally welcomed Ghaffar Khan's oath of allegiance and invited him to help in the making of a strong Pakistan.

Even more remarkable is the fact that at the time of the arrests, the "Frontier Gandhi" and his colleague, Qazi Ataullah Khan, were on a speaking tour in the Peshawar area, taking as their theme that Pakistan was their country, that they had no differences with the Muslim League, and that they could work together in the interests of the country. Last January, four years later, Ataullah Khan was released, just in time to die a free man. Reports of the 61-year-old Ghaffar Khan suggest that his health too is now failing.

Many of the leading men in both India and Pakistan have offered *Satyagraha* together; they have shared cells in British gaols in their united struggle for independence. They deplore this injustice to an old colleague. And beyond the frontiers of the sub-continent, wherever men and women have admired Gandhi, they know that Ghaffar Khan was one of his most loyal disciples, a saintly man who inspired the militant Pathans of the North-West Frontier to accept the idea of non-violence. His imprisonment in 1948 was lamentable; his release is long overdue.

Northern Rhodesia

A Correspondent writes: "The troubles in various parts of the African continent today are not just isolated incidents but are part of a master plan." Some settlers' leader no doubt had to say this, sooner or later; and it is not, perhaps, surprising that the one to say it was Mr. Roy Welensky, leader of the settlers in Northern Rhodesia, when he spoke on "troubles in Kenya, South Africa and Bechuanaland" in the Legislative Council in Lusaka the other day. In point of fact, there is almost no contact of any kind between Africans in South Africa, Central Africa, and East Africa, but it is not difficult to see why Mr. Welensky finds it convenient to link these various pieces of "trouble" together. He and his friends face potential troubles in their own part of Africa. Like the Kenya settlers, they are deeply disturbed at the growth of a national consciousness among Africans; a consciousness which may yet prove strong enough to defeat the settlers' plans for federation with Southern Rhodesia. At the moment N. Rhodesian settlers are no less disturbed at the inescapable evidence of African organising capacity in the industrial field. Recent events on the Northern Rhodesian Copperbelt bear out earlier signs of this. Conduct of wage claims by the Northern Rhodesian African Miners' Union has once more taught the mining companies that their old contempt for "African organisers," and their old complacency at industrial conditions in the mines, will no longer do.

African miners' claims for higher wages were met with a derisory answer some weeks ago, when they were first stated. The mining companies offered the equivalent of a penny a shift. When they seemed unready to improve on this, the union countered with preparations for a strike—whereupon the companies judged it wise to reopen negotiations. These have led to nothing, for the willingness of the African union to moderate its original demands has not been matched by any comparable willingness on the companies' side to improve upon their offer. Changing their previous decision, the African union has now agreed to go to arbitration; but they have stipulated that the arbitrator shall be someone from the United Kingdom—someone, that is, not conditioned by local pressure and local ideas to the notion of inevitable African poverty—and that this arbitrator shall be assisted by an assessor from the African union and another from the Northern Rhodesian Chamber of Mines.

It seems that the Chamber of Mines will accept this condition—what they would almost certainly not have done before the threat of strike action—and latest reports indicate that the Colonial Office will have selected the arbitrator before the end of this month. Sir William Lawther has indicated at the same time that the Miners' International—to which both European and African mine-workers' unions in Northern Rhodesia are affiliated—is willing to send a small delegation of inquiry into industrial conditions on the Copperbelt. This delegation may be able to play a big part in paving the way for implementing the provisions of the Dalgleish Report on the industrial and technological advancement of African mine-workers. It should in any case have beneficial effects on the attitude of the European mine-workers towards their African colleagues.

The Balmartin Crofters

A Scottish Correspondent writes: Watched by the island's local police force (one sergeant and 1 constable) four North Uist crofters last week-end invaded an Englishman's prosperous farm and turned over several symbolic spits of earth. They drove in stakes, and etched out their initials on the frosty ground. The four crofters of Balmartin were "claiming" 100 acres on behalf of themselves and two others. They had come to the conclusion that their present six-acre plots were not enough to keep body and soul together. So, in the presence of Fleet Street's reporters, they acted. In all the publicity which the raid got, perhaps the strangest thing is that no one accused these highly individualistic Highlanders of being Communists; their declared intention is to farm the 100 acres collectively.

The crofters, victims of a semi-feudal economy, want the Secretary of State for Scotland to buy the farm on which they have staked their claims. It is up for sale. This he has refused to do, although there is ample precedent for action of this kind; thirty years ago some Uist crofters got 100 acres each after a similar but more bloody raid. Mr. Stuart wants the men to wait for the conclusions of the Royal Commission on Crofting, whose report, according to St. Andrew's House, may be expected "within the next 12 months." The Government have thrown away a chance to be imaginative over Balmartin. Meanwhile, the next trial of strength in North Uist will come at ploughing time—between the proprietor and the land raiders.

WESTMINSTER

The Count for Mr. Crookshank?

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: The operation of counting out the House of Commons during the second reading of the Iron and Steel Bill was planned and executed by Mr. Wigg with the swift precision of a police operation. The consequences which flow from it may continue for some time. In the first place, the rules of discipline for Government back-benchers have been sharply tightened up by a Chief Whip who is understandably angry at a most humiliating defeat—and whose irritation is not decreased by the knowledge that, for every one of the twenty-odd Tory members who could be rushed in to save the debate, some four or five Socialists sat tight outside the Chamber refusing to come to his rescue.

Secondly, it is a reasonable guess that a good deal of the Labour opposition in this session will prove to be of a similar tactical nature. Manœuvring of this kind may be incomprehensible to the public, infuriating to the Government and a source of discomfort even to some Labour members. But the two most controversial Bills of the Government's electoral programme, the de-nationalization of Steel and Transport, are at present before the House. The Party Whip is nowadays so absolute on both sides that the Opposition, whatever the merits of its case, has little hope of gaining any major amendment to either Bill. If, therefore, it is to oppose with any chance of success, it must concentrate on playing for time in an overcrowded Session. In a battle for time, skilful use of the rules of order can be decisive. On this occasion, the Opposition has gained from the Government no more than the single day devoted to this week's Motion of Censure. But with two such skilled Parliamentarians as Mr. Bing and Mr. Chuter Ede at its disposal, it is sure to be able to maintain the pressure through the winter.

Thirdly, Mr. Crookshank's handling of the congestion of business which arose directly from the Count has brought to a head the indignation of Labour members at what they consider to be his incompetence in arranging the business of the House. The Leader of the House is inevitably the servant of both sides. His responsibility to the Government is to ensure the passage of its business: his duty to the Opposition is to do so without infringing the reasonable right to oppose or affronting the general sense of Parliamentary proprieties. Neither of these tasks has recently been very successfully performed; and Mr. Crookshank's decision last week to penalise the Opposition for its successful Count by forcing through two full days' business in one sitting has convinced Labour members of his unsuitability for his position

Mr. Churchill faces a tricky decision. He cannot sack Mr. Crookshank without some loss of face—even though a good many Government supporters privately share the Opposition's view of him. If, however, he decides to ride the storm and to sustain Mr. Crookshank, he faces a Session in which the Opposition may refuse even the normal, unpublicised exchange of facilities. In the end, Mr. Crookshank will probably have to go. The Leader of the House cannot perform his duties in the face of absolute lack of confidence from the Opposition. In wartime, Mr. Churchill had to sack Sir Stafford Cripps from the same position because his conscious inability ever to be wrong cost him the sympathy and co-operation of a large body of Conservatives. Mr. Crookshank could go now for exactly the opposite reasons.

The Problem of the Press

THE Private Member's Bill to establish a statutory Press Council is, despite the good faith of its sponsors, a bad Bill, badly drafted and calculated to damage the cause of freedom it espouses. The House of Commons, by talking it out last Friday, may have found the best way of dealing with it. But the ineptitude of the Bill (which seems to have been drafted without prior consultation with any body of working journalists) must not be allowed to obscure the real difficulty which exists in reconciling the paramount need for a free Press with a widespread desire to check abuses and foster professional standards among journalists.

Every Member, except one, who spoke in the debate, including five professionally linked with the editing or management of newspapers, supported the principle of a voluntary Press Council. We agree. Provided such a Council contains an adequate number of members from outside the profession, it can do good and will scarcely do harm. A similar body in Sweden rarely finds occasion to use its power, but its very existence helps secure accuracy and fairness.

We are, however, very suspicious of a body containing little or no outside representation. It could easily develop into a corporate guild with a mission to defend the less creditable practices of the profession against the just criticism of injured parties and the general public. It is understood that the delay in establishing the voluntary Council, which the Royal Commission on the Press recommended three and a half years ago, has occurred largely because of the unwillingness of the newspaper proprietors to agree either to adequate representation for their employees or to this essential outside membership. With this attitude we have no sympathy.

The delay, indeed, is damaging both to the Press and the public. For, perhaps inevitably, it shows signs of leading to a most undesirable Party battle, in which Tories, by supporting the proprietors at all costs, appear to be defending freedom, while Socialists, striving to represent the public interests, are made to look hostile to Press liberties. An independent Press is no less essential to democracy than a decent one. Moreover, any further limitation on the freedom of the Press is likely enough to end, for all the good intentions of Parliament, in further bias against the Left. The number of newspapers in this country supporting Socialist views are admittedly few: the same is true of those which are seriously trying to raise the standards of taste and judgment; but there are enough which are anti-Tory, or which eschew the cruder extremes of vulgarity, to ensure that, at least on issues of national importance, the public has access to more than one point of view. Thus, in the recent case of the *Daily Express* "interview" with Mrs. Maclean, or of Mr. A. J. Cumming's allegations about the Bevanite "conspiracy," those who thought that the bounds of decent journalism had been overstepped could secure immediate prominence for their point of view, and the complaints were, in the event, thrashed out in public. Even a voluntary Press Council might tend, by discouraging comments while it meditated on its conclusions, to limit this healthy publicity.

On balance, we believe that the advantages of a voluntary Press Council, properly constituted, are great and its disadvantages small. We trust that the Labour Party, reasonably impatient with the unreasonable attitude of many proprietors, will not allow itself to become committed to any view of the problem which could be interpreted as impairing the freedom of newspapers, within the common law—even when that freedom is used for unworthy ends.

After the Shouting

IT is all very well to cry "Keep Left", or "Keep in the Middle of the Road", or "Keep Quiet"; but what do such slogans really mean? If "Keep Left" means that British Labour ought to be preparing for a rapid advance towards Socialism when it returns to power, and accordingly ought to be getting ready a challenging programme for the electors, the question is whether the Labour Party, when it had won the election, would find itself able to put such a programme into effect. If "Keep Quiet" means "Promise as little as possible, and wait for the Tories to defeat themselves or to be overtaken by events which they cannot control", the question is whether a Labour Government will be any better able to face the future than the Tories, unless it has made up its mind in advance to face the present. If "Keep in the Middle of the Road" means "Deny that there is anything really between Mr. Bevan and his opponents", that is plain nonsense: if, on the other hand, it means that the issues between them are unhelpful towards a solution of the problems that must be faced before long, that alas! is all too true.

For the quarrel as it stands at present is much more between two attitudes than between two policies. Mr. Attlee and his group are very conscious of the difficulties that confront them, but seem to me to have no solution for them. Mr. Bevan sweeps the difficulties aside and calls for more Socialism and more welfare in the same breath; but has he any better idea than his antagonists concerning the means of rendering practicable these excellent objectives? If he has, I for one have failed to find the answer in what he has said since he left the Government. Indeed, among the leading Bevanites only Mr. Harold Wilson, in his *Tribune* pamphlet, *Doing Without Dollars*, has shown a realistic appreciation of the problems facing the British economy. In the main, the Bevanite propaganda has been an appeal to the socialistic instincts of the active members of the local Labour movement; and the answer of his opponents has been entirely negative. He has been scolded almost to the limit; but the scolding has to a great extent missed the mark because it has sounded far too much as if he were being scolded for being a Socialist, and because there has been no positive alternative programme behind it.

This country is, in fact, facing a dilemma which every politician is bound to find disagreeable, because no way out is possible without telling the electorate what it does not want to know. Since the war, even when Great Britain's external payments have been balanced, the British people has been living continually beyond its means, in the sense that it has neither been saving enough to provide for adequate capital development nor doing enough to help the economic development of its own colonies and of other relatively backward countries. No doubt, this state of affairs has been made worse by heavy spending on armaments; but it existed before the present armaments race began and would exist even if expenditure on arms were greatly reduced. No doubt, after the outbreak of war in Korea, things were made much worse by the adverse change in the relative prices of imports and exports; but the subsequent fall in import prices, though it has helped for the time being, has not put things right. Moreover, ought we not to reckon on the likelihood of a permanent change in the relative prices of raw and manufactured goods—and to welcome it as good for the world and as a necessary concomitant of a rising standard of life in the poorer countries? No doubt, the present difficulties of British exporters have been aggravated by the return of Germany and Japan as competitors in an artificially restricted world market; but did we not always know that they would come back and that we needed to adjust our economy to the conditions their return was bound to create?

A further advance towards the Welfare State obviously depends on the size of the cake available for division; and this in turn depends on our power either to produce for home consumption more of the goods required, or to produce and find markets for more exports, with the proceeds of which more imports can be bought. Mr. Bevan's other demand, for more nationalisation, will not of itself ensure that more goods are produced—at any rate in the short run—unless with it goes a heavy and carefully planned expenditure, both in bringing existing factories and other productive enterprises up to date and in developing higher output at home of the goods which a higher standard of living—that is, of welfare—requires. But more investment in old and in new industries means that a smaller proportion of total output will be immediately available for consumption—the more so because we have been so largely using our capacity for the making of capital goods to produce exports for exchange for imported consumers' goods. If, because of limited ability to pay for imports, we have to aim at a reduced dependence on the outside world for consumer supplies, there is bound to be a period of belt-tightening while the process of readjustment is going on—that is, while we are spending the large sums needed to equip agriculture, as well as industry, for the change.

The real question between Mr. Bevan and his antagonists is not whether this change is necessary, but concerns the means of bringing it about. Mr. Bevan is in effect saying that, the greater the economic difficulties are, the tougher the Labour movement ought to be with the capitalists and the wealthier classes in general. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Morrison, on the other hand, are both disinclined by temperament to be tough with those whom they helped

to win the war, and very doubtful whether the electorate would vote for a tough policy, which would be bound to hit a good many marginal electors. They are also nervous at the prospect of disturbing the capitalists now that business is facing greater difficulties in selling its products in the world market, and are reluctant to impose controls which would be unpopular with many industries not ripe for socialisation, and with small business entrepreneurs even more than with the big combines. In thus assessing the electoral consequences of toughness, I have little doubt that they are correct; but are the results of tenderness likely to be any better? Tenderness may help to win the election; but will it allow the Labour Party to make any effective use of its victory, or even to attempt to deal with the real difficulties?

I sympathise with Mr. Bevan about the toughness; but what sort of toughness is it to be? It will have to be *very* tough, if the capitalists are to be made to toe the line; and it will have, perforce, to be extended to the working as well as to the capitalist classes. In order to achieve a secure balance-of-payments position, to play a satisfactory part in the economic development of the colonies and of other backward countries, and to re-orient British productive capacity to the needs of the future, the current real incomes of all classes, except the poorest, will have to be temporarily reduced; and the ground lost can be regained and a new advance begun only after there has been a large increase in productivity. But it is bound to be very difficult to cut the workers' real incomes and to persuade them to produce more at the same time. Yet this is what their own long-run interest requires.

On this score, Mr. Bevan would have by far the best of the argument if, instead of minimising the difficulties, he would face them frankly, and would argue for toughness as the necessary condition for getting the workers to agree to work harder and to tighten their belts. Toughness cannot mean much in terms of a further immediate levy on the rich. It would be well worth while to make a drastic onslaught on expense accounts and other dodges for evading the effects of high taxation; but the value would be much more moral than strictly economic. If further inroads are to be made on the privileges of the wealthy, they must take the form of an attack on capital ownership as well as on spendable income—for example, a really severe capital levy and a drastic limitation of inheritance, as well as public appropriation of a still higher proportion of excess profits. These measures must be far-reaching enough, and spectacular enough, to strike the workers' imaginations, and to assure them that they are not being asked to make sacrifices for the benefit of the owning classes. Their adoption would connote the taking over by the Government of a much larger share in the process of capital investment, and would thus facilitate both nationalisation and the planned readjustment of productive capacity to meet changing needs. What they would not do, in the short run, is to provide any additional funds for spending either on higher wages or for the expansion of the social services.

A tough policy of this kind, including a strong appeal *from the Left* for higher productivity and the removal of trade-union-conservative obstacles to industrial change, would hold out the hope of putting the British economy back before long on its feet. No other possible policy does this; for no other offers the prospect of escape either from American domination in matters of trade policy or from the recurrence of economic crisis and threat of insolvency whenever the American economy either slackens its buying or, by buying too much, forces up the prices of materials beyond British capacity to pay.

In a situation in which American under-buying and American over-buying both threaten us with disaster, we must get as clear as we can of dependence on dollars—and entirely clear of uncertain dollar aid—if we are to have a chance of achieving national economic security. It is sheer fantasy to suppose that we can resume the building of a Socialist society while we remain dependent, even intermittently, on American aid. Some Labour stalwarts become angry when it is suggested that the Welfare State in Great Britain could not have made the progress it did after 1945 without American help. But surely it is clear that it could not have, without first the dollar loan and then Marshall Aid. It makes no sense to plan on the assumption that the U.S. will subsidise a further advance.

Great Britain, if it is to advance towards Socialism—or indeed if it is to survive at all as an independent force in the world—must stand on its own feet, whatever that may involve in the short run. If Mr. Bevan would base his policy on this, and would recognise the implications, he would have an unanswerable case against Mr. Deakin as well as against Mr. Gaitskell. At present his case rests wholly on the emotional appeal which his eloquence and his evident Socialist sincerity provide. These, I know, are great assets, which the Labour movement would be foolish to throw away. They are admirable; but they are not enough. It is necessary to be sensibly realistic as well as to have one's heart in the right place; and the sooner the Labour Party sets to work to combine Socialism and realism into a constructive policy, the sooner will it be sensible to wish for its return to power.

G. D. H. COLE

London Diary

So Prague decrees that Konni Zilliacus is a master spy and that R. H. S. Crossman, Noel Coward and Alexander Werth are minor members of the espionage ring. All this would seem no more than the dirty dribbling of an idiot child were it not part of an actual trial in which single-minded and ruthless men were being done to death by Moscow for the crime of loyally carrying out the instructions laid upon them by Moscow. The Kremlin has long made it clear that it cares nothing for the Communist Parties in the West; otherwise it would not set all the Communists furiously to wonder within themselves whether, in the event of a Communist victory, the British equivalent to Vyshinsky (one can guess who is chosen for the part) will first get his claws into Harry Pollitt or Palme-Dutt. This is a world in which dog eats dog. Certainly there are few British Communists who can escape "guilt by association" with Otto Katz, Clementis, or Slansky. Among the English quartet comically involved, Mr. Zilliacus alone is able to defend himself on the air, broadcasting with equal fluency in Czech, Polish or Russian. Mr. Werth is only a little less linguistically endowed. I gather that the articles Mr. Werth wrote in this journal in 1950 displeased Slansky and Katz, who was then the foreign editor and the real power on *Rude Pravo*, the official organ of the Czech C.P. Even then Katz accused Werth of being a spy; he is himself to hang on the same charge now. The present Public Prosecutor will no doubt be proved in time to have been in the same sinister ring. Werth says he was also denounced as being one of Slansky's "foreign agents" although he had never met Slansky in his life. One recalls that in the great Moscow purges in the late Thirties, Yagoda, the head of the N.K.V.D., who sent thousands of good Communists to their death, was himself hanged as a conspirator shortly afterwards. All this nightmare is being repeated in Prague; the only refinement to which I cannot remember a parallel in Moscow is the case of a wife begging the Court for the death penalty for her husband.

* * *

Communist approval of the death sentences in Prague must be some embarrassment to their world-wide campaign for the reprieve of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, who are due to go to the electric chair on January 12 for their part in turning over atomic secrets to the U.S.S.R. Now that the appeal courts have refused to upset the Rosenberg trial, they can be saved from the death penalty only by a direct intervention by President Truman. The Rosenbergs were not tried for treason—for which U.S. courts have only twice imposed a death sentence—nor for giving aid to an enemy. Klaus Fuchs, who was part of the same espionage group, only received a sentence of fourteen years for his part in it. Moreover, the United States was nominally allied to Russia at the time of their offence. For these reasons, the death sentence seems both harsh and foolish. It will make martyrs of the Rosenbergs to millions who will never know the rights and wrongs of the case. And it will provide the Communists with just the diversion they need from the horrible farce in Prague. If Mr. Truman is wise, one of his last acts as President would be to commute this sentence and show that Western justice, at least, is tempered with mercy.

* * *

It takes a very brave man in South Africa to-day to do what Patrick Duncan has done. The son of a former Governor-General, he has chosen to volunteer for the defiance campaign and court imprisonment. He has left an honourable and useful job in the British colony of Basutoland, where he was head of the Administration's legal department, has bought himself a book business over the South African border, which he and his wife mean to run together, and has now announced his intention on December 8 to join a group of Indian volunteers. He has taken this action in the knowledge that it will acutely embarrass the South African Government, will challenge other liberal-minded Europeans to express themselves in the same way, and will probably bring him into the hands of a police force not notably attached to the ways of non-violence. A friend who knows Duncan well tells me he has reached this decision for Christian reasons—Duncan is anything but a "Red"—and from a long-felt admiration for Gandhi's methods in Natal of long ago. He feels that South Africa has reached a crisis in race relations which can be solved only if Whites are willing to make common cause with the Africans.

I read, with regret, the disturbing news that Mr. John Lehmann had been "sacked" from the publishing firm which bears his name. In the last few years we have had to lament death after death among the literary magazines which foster young talent and enable promise to become performance. The loss of *New Writing* was one of the worst of these casualties for, as its editor, John Lehmann showed both a remarkable flair and an exceptionally wide and unconventional taste. He sought out young and unknown writers not only from here but from the Continent and America. It was an invaluable work, this, keeping open the channels of communication. Yet his publishers decided that it had to stop. But at least we knew that the work he was doing could still be carried on in another form. The publishing house named after and directed by him reflected in its list the same taste, courage, range and enthusiasm. Now suddenly that work is stopped too. The loss isn't merely of one good publisher among many; nor can it be usefully argued that most of the books he would have published will find other publishers if they deserve to. Even if that were altogether true it misses the whole point of what makes an outstanding publisher. John Lehmann not only published good books, he attracted them; and he found them. It isn't easy to build the kind of legend that John Lehmann has built, and the loss of his work is a loss for all of us who care about the health and vitality of contemporary writing.

* * *

Ceremony in Sanchi (250 miles south of Delhi) last Sunday was an unexpected by-product of Indian independence. To the accompaniment of conch shells and bells, and the chanting of Buddhist scriptures by saffron-robed monks, the Prime Minister of India handed the relics of Buddha's two principal disciples to two Bhikkus from Ceylon, who placed them on the altar, whilst the Prime Minister of Burma planted a sapling from the bodhi tree under which the Buddha received his enlightenment. Sariputta and Mogallana were accredited to the world by Buddha himself over two thousand years ago. Their bones were discovered at Sanchi by a British archaeologist in 1851, who presented them to the Victoria and Albert Museum. There they stayed until Lord Pethick-Lawrence handed them back three years ago, since when they have been displayed to Buddhists in many parts of Asia. After handing over these relics in a golden casket for their final enshrinement, Nehru told the large watching crowd that the world must decide whether it will take to the sword and face the consequent disasters or follow the path shown by Buddha and Gandhi. The Indian press has widely publicised this Buddhist celebration, the greatest for a century, and editorials describe the cultural and spiritual affinity of Buddhist countries as more enduring than artificial political or military pacts.

* * *

I recently learned from an optician how unlikely it is today that anyone evades national service by feigning defective vision. The "sight-testing" card of graduated letters on the wall, it seems, is little more than a primitive relic, surviving because people paying money for a consultation regard it as a *sine qua non* and would boycott the practitioner who dared to dispense with it. "Retinoscopy" has supplanted it: a method that enables the expert examining an eye to judge its efficiency by studying the image reflected on its retina, without asking its owner a single question. This would have been a blow for the man in the story told during World War I, who secured his rejection by offering the hesitant view that a dustbin-lid, held angrily within a foot of his peering eyes by a medical orderly, "might be a two-bob bit or 'arf-a-crown." But I hope the story survives, together with its sequel —did you know the sequel? Elated by his success but needing relaxation, the released malingerer went off to a cinema, where, in the dark, another man was presently shown to the seat beside him. When the lights went up, half-way through the programme, and he wanly recognised the M.O. who had just examined him, he forestalled unpleasantness by resuming (it is said) the peering expression and whispering: "Beg pardon, mate, does this bus go to Shepherd's Bush?"

CRITIC

THE ABBEY, JAMES!

(A rejected Schools Broadcast)

A tucket. Enter the Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Minister of Works, Earl Jowett and Herald.

Herald. Hear ye, high Coronation Court of Claims,
The honourable the Lord Marquess of Bath
Attendeth to assert his ancient right
To use his state coach at the Coronation.

Earl M. That man again! We'll make short work of him.

(*Enter Lord Bath*)

Didst thou not get my letter, good my Lord?

Lord B. By thunder, my Earl Marshal, that I did,
And come to say what thou canst do with it.
I hurl my hot defiance in thy teeth!

Earl J. This Court doth ban peers' private carriages.

Lord B. My coach you may forbid, but not my right.

Earl J. Thy quibble's quashed; I do withhold thy right.
Coach not this Court for thou has missed the coach.

Lord B. A fig for thy presumptuous coachmanship,
And coach not me in mine ancestral rights.
I further claim the Master of the Horse
Shall furnish steeds to draw my equipage.

M. of H. What? Ask for horses in this horseless age?
I am much put about to find enough
To draw along the route processional
State landaus loaned by Korda Studios.

Lord B. By thunder, my state coach or none for me.

Earl M. Thou canst not get a permit for thy coach
By order of the Ministry of Works.

Lord B. Who speaketh for this upstart Ministry?

M. of W. Behold the Minister responsible!
Far be it from me to disoblige a peer,
But Coronation transport is controlled
By the Police Force Metropolitan,
And they, I grieve to say, will park thee not,
Nor pick thee up without the Abbey door.

Lord B. A gross curtailment of the rights of peers!
Is it not rumoured the Lord Mayor of London
And Speaker of the House will ride in state?
And both of these mere saucy commoners.

Lord J. No class war here I pray you, if you please,
Gentle and simple to this Court are one.

Lord B. Too gentle I have been, old simpleton,
But now demand the hearing of my case.

Earl M. The case is closed. We'll sit upon the next.

Herald. The high and mighty Coal Board doth attend
To state its feudal claim by proxy right
Of purchased fief, to hold the monarch's towel!

Earl M. Let it appear and quote its precedent.

Herald. Coal Board, stand forth! Pray you my lord, stand down.

Lord B. By thunder, I will speak; I do defy
The arbitrary judgment of this Court,
The Ministry of Works and all its works,
In token whereof I fling down my gage.
Let craven peers your ordinance obey
And stoop to ride in hackney carriages
Like extras daily hired in British films,
No meddling Court shall on my rights encroach—
My case you may dismiss but not my coach!
"No parking" signs shall never bar my path,
Nor none turn back the coach of coach-borne Bath!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

As for the phrase "Jewish bourgeois nationalist," this is a political characterisation of the term Zionist, and has no anti-Semitic connotation whatever.—*Daily Worker.* (P. A. Fletcher.)

Incidentally, I am told that bloodhounds track from love, not hate. They follow their victims so that they can fraternise with them.—*Daily Telegraph.* (H. W. Robertson.)

What is Nutty Slack? Nutty Slack is just what it is called—slack with nuts in it . . .—Announcement by the National Coal Board in *The Times.* (J. Stobart.)

The account of religious terms towards the end of the book has been rearranged so that dissenters and nonconformists are no longer grouped with idolators, fire worshippers and other heathens.—From Introduction to new "Everyman" edition of Roget's Thesaurus. (A. C. Langford.)

Report on Kenya

II. The African Point of View

MR. WHYATT, Kenya's Minister of Law and Order (an official, not an ironic title), has rightly called attention to the lack of European Intelligence about the Kikuyu. Whether he will be much better informed, even after receiving the advice of the head of British Security, is a matter for speculation considering that very few English speak Kikuyu and that any Kikuyu who turns informer runs an extreme risk. The fact is that the British have not wanted to face the results of their policy towards the Kikuyu. Official reports of a growing anti-British and violent movement in the tribe were, to my knowledge, sent to the Government and brushed aside as long as four years ago; only a few months ago the Legislative Council derided similar warnings, while the reassuring words of the Chief Native Commissioner after the Mau Mau murders had begun helped to mislead all of us about their significance.

The Kikuyu are still, for the most part, primitive; their tribal structure still holds in the reserve, but has been rapidly breaking down under the impact of European civilisation, and the number of politically conscious Kikuyu is now large. Many of them have been educated in missionary and other British schools; many talk good English. They read the newspapers and in particular the editorials and letters, frequently violently anti-African, printed in the Settlers' newspapers. Their own vernacular papers show that they have two outstanding political leaders. Peter Koinange, whose father and brother are accused of participation in the murder of one of the Kikuyu chiefs, was educated in Cambridge, Harvard, and Columbia Universities. When he returned to his own country he was offered a schoolmaster's job at half the pay given to his White predecessor. I do not know his politics; if he is anti-European, who can wonder?

Jomo Kenyatta, who is now brought to trial, is a most remarkable personality, an orator with hypnotic power over huge African audiences. He is the author of a book called *Facing Mount Kenya,* an anthropological study of the Kikuyu people, introduced by Professor Malinowsky. I am glad to learn from its publishers (Secker and Warburg) that a new edition will be published in the New Year. If the Europeans in Kenya have been awakened by Mau Mau to the existence of a Kikuyu nationalism and way of life, it should have a good sale in Nairobi.

The first action of responsible people faced with

a Kikuyu revolt should surely be to discover on what terms leaders of the tribe would be ready to call upon their people to abandon the present violence for a constructive campaign of social reform. Unhappily, Mr. Mathu, educated at Balliol and one of the best debaters in the Legislative Assembly, does not carry very much weight with his fellow Kikuyu.

If it is now too late to attempt anything with Jomo Kenyatta, there are other responsible and moderate Africans, in and out of gaol, who would sponsor such a programme. The chief obstacle has so far been that so few Europeans have been willing to admit that Africans could legitimately and independently launch a political campaign against the colour bar, and in favour of land reform, higher wages, more housing, and the loosening of restrictions on the crops which Africans are allowed to grow. Deplorably, one is driven to the conclusion, from Mr. Lyttelton's reply in the House of Commons, that the crime of Mr. Peter Wright, who has been deprived of his job in Kenya and excluded from the colony, was merely that he was deliberately aiding Africans to formulate such a political policy. He could have attempted no greater service in Kenya. In the absence of an African political party peaceably struggling for reform, the violence of Mau Mau was unavoidable.

No time need be wasted in speculating about the origin of the name "Mau Mau." The simplest of many suggestions I have seen is that it stands for Union of Africans Movement, with the initials reversed. Whatever it was in origin, it is now clearly a violent and revolutionary organisation using terrorism as a method of winning control over the Kikuyu. The methods used to suppress it have repercussions all over the African continent. Dr. Malan has the laugh of the British who have criticised South African repression; he, after all, has not hitherto gone so far in repression as the Administration has now gone in Kenya. Meanwhile the effect on Africans is to encourage a new form of African patriotism. West African barristers are hastening to help Mr. Pritt in the defence of their fellow-Africans in Kenya. Nor can anyone who visits Kenya doubt that a revolutionary mood is likely to spread to other tribes; in short, the Kikuyu revolt is merely a symptom of a new African solidarity. The question is how far it is still possible to prevent the racial struggle taking a violent form all over Africa.

As with other revolutionary movements, Mau Mau looks backwards as well as forwards. It is conservative as well as progressive, just as British Socialism long hankered after the medieval pre-industrial era, even while it was looking forward to a Utopia in which all workers could live the good life which capitalism had made possible for the privileged few. Similarly the Kikuyu newspapers have talked of the greatness of their past (which is almost wholly mythical) and turn envious eyes on the White Highlands which, before the Europeans came, were only grazed spasmodically by the nomadic Masai. Mau Mau has made use of the past in adapting, for its own purposes, the Kikuyu ceremony of the oath, the traditional form of which is that the individual voluntarily comes forward before independent witnesses and prays, while the body of an unfortunate goat is broken, that he may be similarly broken if he fails to fulfil his oath. His pledge is reinforced by a nasty mumbo-jumbo in which he goes seven times through an arch of banana leaves and sugar cane, and sticks thorns into the eyes of a sheep, balanced on a hollow bamboo stick filled with blood. The victims of the fifty or more murders committed by Mau Mau in the reserves have been Africans who, in most cases because they were Christians and friendly to the Europeans, have refused to take the oath, and been tortured or cut to pieces in consequence. One would have hoped that the oath, taken under compulsion, would have proved less binding than a voluntary one on its victims. But witch doctors, reluctantly used by the British (who have been doing their best to stamp out witch-craft for forty years), seem not to have been very successful in efforts to release Kikuyu from the oath's binding force.

There is, however, one interesting point here which I have not seen cleared up. The oath takes a variety of forms, ranging from the simple pledge that no African would inform on another, to the extreme form of a promise to drive all Europeans from Kenya. Another common oath was to support Jomo Kenyatta if he were molested by the British. In fact, when he was arrested no movement took place amongst the Kikuyu. Two explanations of this are given; the first is that the oath was only to aid him "if called upon," and the other is that when he knew he was about to be arrested, Kenyatta sent messages into the reserves telling Africans not to rise in his support. Either of these explanations, if true, provides remarkable evidence of the excellence of Kikuyu organisation.

I was first fully persuaded of the strength of the Mau Mau organisation when I learned that the missionary schools in the Kikuyu reserves were now almost wholly deserted. The craving for education amongst Africans is now universal, and only the strongest compulsion can prevent Christian Kikuyu from sending their children to mission schools. I heard of one school where only two children had arrived instead of several hundred. A missionary at the head of a famous institution shook his head sadly when I asked him whether the Christian cleansing ceremonies were proving effective. It seems that the purifying blood of the Lamb has not proved powerful enough to overcome the black magic of the sacrificial goat. I was the more sorry for this because the only happy Kikuyu that I saw in Kenya were girls collecting for a mission, carefree boys playing games or studying in the admirable Alliance School near Nairobi, and, most impressive of all, a young African serving in a shop by the roadside on the edge of the Kikuyu reserve, who said that he supposed that he, like other Christian Africans, was in danger, but that, after all, there was nothing to do except carry on with one's job and set an example of living a good Christian life.

It is difficult to know how deeply Christianity has affected the minds of the people. One Kikuyu, who was able to talk freely with me, explained that he was a Christian, but no longer a "Scottish Presbyterian." He had left this Church for the new African Christians, because the parson had tried to make the repudiation of female circumcision a condition of Church membership. I already knew something of this famous controversy which had rent the Kikuyu Presbyterians. In *Facing Mount Kenya*, Jomo Kenyatta describes the initiation ceremony of Kikuyu boys and girls in detail and explains its central significance to the tribe's religion and way of life. So I was not surprised when, in answer to my question whether female circumcision was not an unnecessary and cruel custom, the Kikuyu hesitated, and then said: "It is our Kikuyu custom. Many of us now think it should be abandoned; some of our women no longer practise it, but it has nothing to do with Christianity; it is no business of the parson's, so I left his Church." I asked him whether he had anything else against the Church. He said he had. He did not see why, as a Scottish Presbyterian, he was not allowed by Christian clergymen to marry a Roman Catholic Kavirondo girl.

I must confess that to me nothing could be more absurd or pathetic than to have transferred to these primitive people the obscure European religious controversies of the 17th century. On the whole I believe that Catholicism, with its greater emphasis on miracle and magic, has more hold on Africans than the less poetical Anglican or Nonconformist persuasions. I know that in education, hygiene and medicine, great work has been done by the missionaries. I have the highest admiration for men like Archdeacon Owen and others still at work in Kenya, whose support of the Africans has been inspired by a genuine Christianity. Unhappily the general impact of the British on the Africans has been un-Christian. The Churches have taught them, as the African vernacular papers show, to notice the contrast between the religion of the Sermon on the Mount, which they learned at school, and the actual practice of British immigrants who show no signs of turning the other cheek, believing that it is wrong to kill, that the peacemakers are blessed, that the meek shall inherit the earth, or that in matters of business one should pay no thought for the morrow. It did not surprise me to read in one of the suppressed African pamphlets the following creed:

> I believe in God the Father, Lord of Nature, Creator of Heaven and Earth, and I believe in Gikuyu and Mumbi who inherited this country . . . They were deceived and robbed of their lands and rule of this country. They were dispersed, ruled and made as useless pieces of earth. Their fearless children have risen and are now awaiting the truth at the right hand of God. They are praying to the Father Lord of Nature and protector of age groups, for the eviction of those who robbed us of our land, whether dead, alive, or not yet born. I believe in the clean ceremonies of Gikuyu and Mumbi, the leadership of Kenyatta and Mbiyu, and political agitation by Africans and in justice, also the everlastingness of the Kikuyu tribe. God bless us. Amen.

It may shock some people, but I do not believe these words are any more blasphemous than the combination of religion and patriotism which is common in our schools and churches. Such a creed is surely a natural result of teaching Christianity while practising imperialism.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

School Seats in 1960?

TO-DAY there are nearly twice as many four-year-old children in the county of London as nine-year-olds. In 1960 this tidal wave of post-war births will be reflected in an extra 50,000 eleven-year-old children for whom a place must be found in a Secondary School. These extra children are largely congregated in boroughs south of the river, every one of which faces a deficiency of secondary school places in 1960, amounting in all to over 35,000. Lewisham and Wandsworth are the most critical areas. North London's problem, however, although the figures show a smaller deficiency, 26,000, is equally serious because of the even more intense difficulties of finding sites on which schools can be built. The boroughs of Hammersmith, Paddington, Kensington, Hampstead and Islington form a ring of deficiency areas, surrounding the impossibly overcrowded and expensive sites of Mayfair, Oxford Street, Bayswater and the Edgware Road.

What, then, are the alternatives before the London County Council? In the post-war days

when plans were being drawn up, the Education Committee could have decided to provide for the extra children by seizing on a number of small sites on which Secondary Modern schools for 400 or 500 children could have been built. The second alternative was to seek out and reserve a few larger sites for Comprehensive Secondary Schools.

They decided on the few big schools rather than the many small ones. The arguments for this choice were partly educational arguments and site arguments. The site argument was that a third again as much land would have been needed to provide for the children in a number of smaller schools than was required to meet their needs in a few big ones. With the intense difficulty, financial and geographical, of finding any sites at all which could be built on in the next ten years, this factor clearly weighed heavily. One of the major reasons why there are fifteen large secondary schools now building, or in published building programmes, in South London, as opposed to seven (in programmes only) in North London, is the greater difficulty over sites in North London.

The educational arguments for the Comprehensive School have been repeated to the point of tedium. What we now want is practical experience of their working. But let us look for a moment at some of the practical implications of this principle. We are repeatedly told of the great educational advantage of working and playing with childen of different types of ability, tastes and skills. The large size of Comprehensive School was originally conceived on the basis of providing for every type of child at all stages of its school career. Two factors are now emerging in the London picture which may prove this decision on size to have been made on a false basis.

London has always had a higher proportion of Grammar School places than anywhere else in the country. This is because, in addition to the County Grammar Schools (which will gradually become absorbed in Comprehensive Schools) there are a number of Voluntary Grammar Schools of ancient foundation (which cannot be incorporated in the authority's plans but will remain as Grammar Schools). This means that in certain parts of the county the London parent will have the choice, if his child is judged suitable, of the Comprehensive School or the Grammar School. Knowing the innate conservatism of parents in matters educational, the choice will almost certainly go to the Grammar School. This will mean that in the early years, when standards and reputation are being laid down, some of the Comprehensive Schools will be deprived of a considerable proportion of the children of a more academic type of ability.

The other new factor is the tendency for more and more children from Secondary Modern Schools to stay on at school for an extra year or two after fifteen. This is in marked contrast to the growing problem of children in Grammar Schools who continue to leave before the completion of their five years' course. The figures of 1,500 and 2,000 children as the size for a Comprehensive School were originally thought necessary in order to provide a sufficiently large top to the school. It was thought this top would largely consist of the fifteen out of every hundred children who were of the academic type, who would stay on after fifteen. If it now proves that in fact a proportion of the non-academic children are going to stay on at school after fifteen, the top of the school will be provided from a much larger group than was originally thought. This would mean that it would not be necessary to recruit such large numbers at eleven. Thus the total size of the school could be reduced from 2,000 or 1,500 to 800 or 1,000.

The large Secondary School must bring with it problems of games opportunities and traffic dangers, not because it is Comprehensive but because it is too big. Take the case of Parliament Hill School, where an existing girls' Grammar School for 630 is to be expanded into a Comprehensive School of 1,500. This will mean the loss of the games field. (Parliament Hill is the only County Girls' Grammar School with its own adjoining hockey pitch.) The L.C.C. at the moment is facing great difficulties in finding alternative playing space for their already seriously deprived children.

There is no doubt, in spite of such difficulties, that the great majority of children who will go to these schools will be working in conditions superior to anything before known. The opportunities for art, craft, music, drama, gym and physical training can only be realised by those who have studied the building plans of these schools. Let us hope that the conditions in which the experiment is undertaken will enable its creators to see their hopes fulfilled.

PEGGY JAY

Prague Purge

(From a Correspondent)

MOST of the men condemned in the Prague trial were international Communists of long standing, distinguished by an intellectual rather than a proletarian background. They were otherwise a motley group, lumped together in the dock to suit the convenience of the "machine." No one familiar with the personalities of Czech politics could think of a more unlikely set to be united in one conspiratorial purpose. Some had spent the war years in Moscow; others belonged to the "London faction"; and, in many cases, those described as leaders of the plot were politically far apart. For instance, though Clementis and Sling were both in London during the war, Sling was generally regarded as a rigid doctrinaire, unquestioningly loyal to the Cominform line, whereas Clementis, though he had no particular sympathy for the West (he was the author of two books on Pan-Slavism) nevertheless preserved a certain independence of outlook, and was, during the war, considered to be a member of the Beneš group. Faced with the task of weaving these diverse strands into the required conspiratorial pattern, the State Prosecutor had to frame charges which, as the trial proceeded, wore an increasing air of fantasy. The aims of the plotters were declared to be the destruction of the Republic in its present form, and the restoration of capitalism by sabotage and deliberately bad planning in order to increase Czechoslovakia's dependence on the West. Their motives were stated to be hostility to the U.S.S.R., Trotskyist and Titoist deviations and —a significant feature—Zionist sympathies.

The economic charges merit examination in some detail. It was alleged that the accused were responsible for "planning," criminally designed (a) to secure imports of more raw materials, largely from the "Imperialist West" and (b) to build up a dollar reserve. Both these aims had, in fact, been official policy until the Cold War contraction of East-West trade made their realisation clearly impossible. Their pursuance—in which the accused merely carried out orders—had entailed certain adjustments in Czech economy, notably the development of light as opposed to heavy industry. When official policy was suddenly changed, and the decision was taken that Czechoslovakia, in the framework of the Molotov Mutual Assistance Plan, must be much more closely integrated in the Eastern Bloc, with greater emphasis on heavy industry, some of the ambitious new industrial enterprises which had been constructed since 1945—*e.g.*, the much-publicised automobile works with a projected output of 50,000 cars a year—lost their utility and stood out as costly "white elephants."

Motives of personal gain were never alleged: the "crimes," the "economic sabotage," were always "political." But public credulity, even in Prague, must surely have been strained by some of the allegations. Dr. Margolius, Loebl, and others, were "guilty" of negotiating with the West limited trade agreements of which the Government had fully approved. In consequence, they had "increased British war potential" by exporting to the U.K., for use in television sets, certain component parts produced by the large and at present under-employed Czech glass industry. They had even sabotaged food supplies in Czechoslovakia by selling to Britain token consignments of tinned meat! The impression one derives from all this is that one of the motives of the prosecution was to find scapegoats for the severe strains which present Moscow-dictated economic policy has recently been placing on consumers. It was presumably also hoped that by these means outspoken Soviet criticism of shortcomings in the achievement of the Five-Year Plan, might be met.

A second and equally important motive was probably to divert on to the Jews some of the general resentment which now attaches to the Czech Communist Party. In Czechoslovakia, as elsewhere in Central and South-Eastern Europe, both the Party intellectuals and the key men in the secret police are largely Jewish in origin. The man in the street, therefore, has been inclined to equate the Party Cadres with the Jews, and to blame the "Jewish Communists" for all his troubles. In this trial eleven of the accused were consistently referred to as "Zionist" Communists and "bourgeois Jewish nationalists," and a quite deliberate effort was made to suggest that the Party was now being purged of the unpatriotic Jewish elements which had made it unpopular.

The charge against Slansky, Otto Katz and their other Jewish colleagues was, accordingly, that they had taken part in a "Western Zionist conspiracy." True enough! But once again it should be noted that, when they did so, they were acting under a Russian directive. In the Spring and Summer of 1948, when the Mandate ended, the Jews in Palestine were suffering under the British arms embargo, and it is literally true that only the delivery of Messerschmidts and a great deal of other Czechoslovak equipment saved the Jewish State in the first months of the Palestine war. But to suggest that Slansky and Katz were Zionists is fantastic. As good Communists, they had, throughout their lives, opposed Zionism as a bourgeois deviation, and only switched to a tactical support of it when the Russian line switched at Lake Success. Now they have been condemned for faithfully following a sudden reversal of Russian policy four years ago. Since then, of course, the line has switched again in view of Israel's close co-operation with the West, and Zionism is once again a "bourgeois deviation." The heresy of the "bourgeois Jewish nationalists," therefore, was easy to demonstrate.

The recorded excerpts from the trial's proceedings which were broadcast were fairly long, but were linked together in the studio by a commentator. It must remain a matter for speculation how far "editing" produced a selection of extracts likely to offer the highest propaganda dividends, and how far unrehearsed incidents were suppressed. Most of the accused—and

equally the large number of witnesses who had also been under arrest for considerable periods—delivered their extraordinary self-accusations in a firm, but almost subdued, monotonous voice, devoid of any signs of emotion. Occasionally, some of those less experienced in public speaking seemed to lose the thread of what gave the impression of being a carefully memorised statement. On such occasions the Prosecutor was prompt in supplying a "cue." Clementis and Sling accused themselves passionately and fervently. On the other hand, Madame Svermova (formerly chairman of the important "Cadres Committee" of the Party) made a surprisingly brief appearance. Her implication in the "conspiracy" had been rumoured, and it was known that for some time she had been under arrest. Appearing as a witness, Madame Svermova spoke in a hesitant, almost inaudible, voice, and finally appeared to break down under stress of emotion. This at least, in a trial where the real "crimes" never emerged, seemed genuine.

White as a Sweep

THE familiar figures vanish one by one from the English street scene; but the saddened traditionalist, as he pens his letter of lament to *The Times*, forgets that they are replaced by a new set of equally distinctive characters. The old-fashioned sweep, for instance, with long black coat, tall hat, eyes staring out of coal-black face, and brushes slung over his shoulder, who fascinated and terrified successive generations of children, has had his day. He survives; but the limelight has shifted to a figure in a spotless white coat and a thick leather (or plastic) apron, apparently a combined chef and blacksmith, but in reality a vacuum sweep.

The technical revolution brought about by the white-coated sweep is less fundamental than many customers imagine. The belief is widespread, and perhaps subtly fostered, that the new method actually detaches the soot from the chimney walls by vacuum suction. Some pioneer sweeps are trying to do this, with a certain loss in thoroughness. Your typical modern sweep cleans the chimney with a brush as his grandfather did long ago. The vacuum, working in the same way as an ordinary cleaner, snuffs up the soot and pipes it to a large container, which may, as convenience directs, be brought into the room or left outside in the street, the pipe in this case passing through the window. The advantage is twofold—in time and in cleanliness. The rapid disposal of soot eliminates the traditional tramping up and down stairs with sacks or buckets. As for cleanliness: the sweep does not even need to see the fireplace, except for his final tidying-up, and so he covers it with a metal sheet or a cloth. Brush and vacuum pipe are inserted through holes of just the right size. The sweep twiddles the brush and the soot is heard falling into the shrouded grate, making a gentle noise like the falling of autumn leaves in a play on the wireless. Thanks to the cloth, no dust is scattered in the room. The vacuum disposes of all the rubbish except for a few solid lumps; these the sweep picks up, rather fastidiously wearing rubber gloves for the purpose, and wraps in another cloth. Then he switches off the vacuum, flicks a speck of grit cavalierly from the sleeve of his white coat, collects his fee, and is gone. The customer—who in the old days would have set aside a day of sponging and scrubbing to follow the sweep's visit—goes on living in the room as if nothing had happened. The job has taken fifteen minutes.

The white coat, of course, is a shrewd stroke of publicity. I asked one vacuum sweep whether, when he started his business, he advertised by poster or in the newspapers. No, he replied, he simply moved slowly about the main streets; people were so astonished to see a sweep in a white coat that he was stopped and questioned. He is the only vacuum sweep in his town; there are three old-fashioned ones. They are still, apparently, able to make a living, owing (if we credit the sardonic account given by the man in the white coat) to the number of people who don't believe that their chimneys have been swept properly unless there is a mess everywhere and the sweep gets his face black. The vacuum sweep, however, is kept much busier than his competitors, and in four years he has managed to pay off the £400 which he borrowed to start his business.

The new method, indeed, has revolutionised the economics of sweeping by making a substantial capital outlay necessary. Time will show whether, as in the case of laundering, the one-man business will give place to centralisation and wage-labour. Already the vacuum sweep has, more often than not, an assistant. The reason for this is odd. If there is no second pair of hands to hold up the sheet in front of the fireplace, it must be fixed in place with Scotch tape—the thing is useless, of course, if any dust escapes at all. This wastes a good deal of time, and the tape, which cannot be used twice, costs the surprising sum of £3 a week. At this rate it is almost as cheap to pay a wage (especially a youth's wage) to a helper, who can also do various odd jobs and replace the sweep in case of illness—an attack of 'flu in the busy period is serious.

The old-fashioned sweep had no capital equipment except his brushes, and went about on foot or, more often, by bicycle. His white-coated successor cannot do without a van. The vacuum, if it works electrically, costs £150; a petrol-driven machine, necessary in rural districts where some houses have no electricity, is priced at £200. Add piping at a pound a yard, gloves, apron, brushes, and the famous white coat, and you will see that this is no business for the man without savings or a backer.

Then there are the running expenses; laundry bill (the white coat will not stay white more than three days), petrol at a gallon and a half a day in the busy months, plus what is used by the van, and the alternative of Scotch tape or an assistant's wage. Sweeps estimate, allowing for depreciation, that they need to take £20 a week to break even. To do this, the country sweep charges five shillings—often sixpence more since the last increase in the petrol tax—and the London sweep up to seven and six.

Chimney-sweeping once used to be a strictly seasonal business, going hand in hand with the mighty spring-cleaning that annually disorganised so many Victorian households and provided material for so many comedians. Now that most homes are kept clean on the maintenance and not the overhaul system, the sweep's work is more evenly spread through the year. The disadvantage is that the sweep cannot take his customers for granted; no longer mentally committed to the yearly sweeping, they let matters slide until smoke pours into the room or soot falls into the fire. The white-coated sweep to whom I referred just now cleans twenty chimneys a day in the traditional busy season (March to May), ten a day in the winter, and perhaps two a day in high summer. Readers who like doing sums will find that, on an average of bad months and good, he earns less than the sum needed to stay in business. I can only say that people in businesses of this sort always give a pessimistic account of their finances.

Nutty Slack

—much proclaimed—turned out, after all, not to be a confection but new words for something old and familiar obtainable from the coal-merchant.

We have no new words to describe THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION. Most of them have been used over and over again by enthusiastic readers, many of whom were first introduced to the paper through an "acquaintance subscription," so we will cut the cackle and remind readers how they can solve their Christmas gift problems and, at the same time, help us to get new readers.

●Here is our offer: we will send THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for 6 months (26 weeks) to any reader's friends *who are not already reading the paper*, at the special rate of TEN SHILLINGS. We will bear the difference between this and the usual charge of £1 2s. 6d. Moreover, we will charge only £1 5s. for three such subscriptions, or at the rate of 8s. 4d. per subscription for any number in excess of three. Each recipient of such a gift subscription will be notified and informed of the name of the donor. They are under no obligation to continue purchasing the paper after the gift subscription expires.

Gift subscriptions to the U.K. start with the issue of December 27, but *please do not wait* until nearly that time before sending us your lists, as we have so many thousands of names to deal with in a short time. Subscriptions to friends living abroad are started with the issue following receipt of instructions, so that the delay in receiving their first copy is reduced to a minimum.

This is our invitation for you to combine your Christmas giving with helping us to find new readers. There is only one condition—that so far as you know *the recipient must not be already buying the paper*. There is no limit to the names you may send, nor need they be sent on the form below. A letter saying that you accept the terms of the offer is all that is necessary.

Readers in North America may send $1.50 for each Gift Subscription or $5 for 4 subscriptions direct to our New York Agent, British Publications Inc., 10 East 40th Street, New York 22.

To THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

I agree to the terms of your Christmas Offer and enclose £.....s. for..... six-monthly Gift Subscriptions.

DONOR'S NAME AND ADDRESS

.....

.....

Gift Subscriptions to be addressed to:

1. .....

.....

2. .....

.....

3. .....

.....

4. .....

.....

5. .....

.....

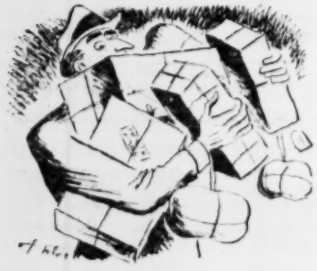
PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

The white-coated sweep made his first appearance just before the last war, but the new technique only began to catch on with the cease-fire. Then it began to attract the young ex-sergeant in his demob. suit, who had enjoyed a taste of independence and responsibility and swore that he was not going back to work for a boss. Hundreds of gratuities must have been invested in vacuum sweeping, as in three-hour cleaning shops and small garages. Such were the proletarian equivalents of the "new" publishing house. In general, these expedients were unsuccessful, and the would-be entrepreneurs returned to the employment exchanges, sadder and wiser men. Vacuum sweeping seems to have been, often enough, an exception. It has caught on.

True, the work is fairly hard and will always be chancy. Including the time taken to get from one job to another, the sweep is away from home, on a busy spring day, from six in the morning to six at night—and works all Saturday. He needs a wife who can answer the telephone at all hours and keep his appointments from getting muddled. He has to work with great care; if he damages a cowl or knocks down a few bricks, something that is quite unavoidable with old chimneys, or if soot accumulates again quickly, which happens in new houses whose chimneys are often built too narrow, the blame is laid on "that new white-coat nonsense," though, of course, the old-fashioned sweep would have done just the same damage. Finally, the introduction of new methods of heating and of fuels which do not deposit soot hangs over the sweep's head as (from this rather sectional point of view) a recurrent menace.

Still, the vacuum sweep is in a fair way to add a new figure to our national mythology. Let him succeed, and our children will be writing to *The Times* in the year 2020 to deplore the extinction of the old-fashioned sweep with his delightful white coat; and the invalid will be greeted by his friends with anxious cries of "My dear fellow, you look as white as a sweep!"

MERVYN JONES



Book Tokens are the answer

You can buy Book Tokens from any good bookseller and your friends can exchange them at any bookshop. 3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 12/6 21/- plus 4d for the card.

Defeat in the Afternoon

He was not a bad fellow, it seemed, the Cavaliere for whose estate we were bound: "a little difficult, perhaps, but certainly, when all is said, *simpatico*." Such at least was the opinion of the fat, friendly peasant woman who had insisted on showing us the way from the bus-stop to the summit of the hill crowned by the Cavaliere's *casa vinicola*, once Convent of the Holy Spirit. For some time, as we perspired and panted slowly up the hairpins of the sandy road—to our right, across the valley, the fantastic skyline of the little medieval city on its cliff—I had realised that, *qua* guide, our talkative helper was a dead loss: to secure an audience for her tireless commentary on local mice and men, and incidentally to show us the brave new cottage where her nephew lived, she had cheerfully led us a hot, dusty kilometre or more from what I had all along suspected to be the direct route. Let that pass, I said to myself: a serious reporter, whose assignment includes factual study of the economics of the Italian wine industry, must not be dashed by so trivial a preliminary check in his hunting. Were not difficulties—including those of the otherwise "sympathetic" Cavaliere—made to be brushed aside?

Opened, the great gate of the convent disclosed interesting activities. In the wide cloister, men were busy with barrels; girls in green uniforms—they might have been Robin Hood's A.T.S.—were at work on thousands of straw-covered *fiaschetti*, sorting, labelling and packing; and into the pressing-room tub on tub piled high with dripping grapes moved in procession. Piecework? I wondered how earnings and costs would compare with the pattern so learnedly presented to NEW STATESMEN readers by John Freeman in his recent study of the Médoc. Questions on tongue-tip, I awaited the Cavaliere.

Emerging from his office with a smoothly arranged smile, the Cavaliere, in Savile Row suit, greeted his English visitor with an esteem which lacked nothing of diplomatic correctitude—an immaculate figure among the packing-cases and straw of the courtyard. An article on wine? But of course: all the lore of the *stabilimento*, every statistic of output, costs and wages, would be at his interviewer's disposal. But what? We had climbed the hill on foot, in this afternoon heat? Then, before another word, we must have a glass of wine. Oh no, not the stuff the green-uniformed girls were handling, but a pale, semi-sparkling wine from the convent's own grapes, a wine which never reached the export market.

So down a long, white corridor, its walls hung with maps and prints between the doors of untenanted monkish cells; in a room which long-dead abbots had once called their own, a trim maid was setting out glasses and a bottle of that famous Réserve. A bottle? It became two, three; the afternoon *was* hot, and very agreeable, we talked of Paris in springtime, of d'Annunzio and Helen of Troy, and how good tangerines taste if cooked in cold weather on the radiator of a *chambre à grand lit*. My conscience began to prick me: those statistics, the technique of wine-making, the cellarage . . . Why, of course, said the Cavaliere. But first we must really see the chapel's newly uncovered frescoes . . . Astonishing, were they not? Some said Perugino, but one could not be sure. The girls' wages? Yes, they might be seven shillings a day; but then again, certainty was so elusive in nice matters of attribution. For instance, this: of the Venetian school, would we say? No, he agreed, it was questionable. The factory costs of a filled *fiasco*? About three shillings? Well, perhaps; but if one could only be sure that that foot—all, alas, that was left on the back wall of the apse—had been drawn, as some thought, by Giotto. The cellars? Ah, yes, very wet and cold: he had never been the same since those terrible five days when the British and Germans were fighting around the hill, and he and his family had lived among the subterranean barrels while the cook, a sadly nervous man, dodged bullets between cellar and kitchen. Look! Those were the marks of bullets still on the walls—German ringed in red, British in blue. But indeed, he must introduce his family to his English guests.

They were seated sedately in a loggia that gave on to one of the world's great views—four young ladies, two playing Canasta, while the others embroidered with hearts and spades the corners of the baize cloth—all wilting slightly under the wintry gaze of the Cavaliere's wife. She was obviously a xenophobe, and did not react favourably to the announcement of my profession. "Why not join the game and risk a few lire? Just for a moment you must excuse me: I have business with the manager. In a few minutes I shall return with all the data you need. More wine, Agnesa, for our guests!" The Cavaliere was gone; we were left to Canasta, and frigidly polite conversation.

"Were we not looking forward to the Coronation? Had we been to Capri or Ischia? Then to Formia, perhaps?" No, but a colleague had lately been there, and had played games on the beach with Signor Nenni. The ensuing silence was glacial, the soundless vacuum that follows the fall of a ton of bricks. Then, from Mamma: "I fear we are all Monarchists here."

Evasive action seemed essential. "Oh, but we English Socialists," I said, "are all Monarchists too—Queen Elizabeth, you know." It seemed the only thing to say. But I fear Mamma thought I was talking of Queen Bess, for she muttered something about *seicento* which seemed hardly relevant to my precariously apologetic point. Hand followed hand of Canasta; the light began to fade, and a little cool wind born in some distant cleft of the Appenines stirred the vine that overhung the loggia. Inconsequently, I began to think of Lorca and death from boredom at five, six or seven in the afternoon. None too soon for my depressed frustration the Cavaliere returned. Under his arm he carried, not statistics of his vineyard but—God pity all reporters!—an ikon which I must see before he drove us back to the city. What would I suppose to be its *provenance*? "The Soviet Union," I answered, looking straight at Mamma. That—and 325 lire from Canasta—was all I could salvage, that afternoon, from total journalistic defeat.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Home or Away?

Wherever you are do not rely on "picking-up" your copies of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but place a definite order with your newsagent or become a direct postal subscriber (particulars on page 676). For short holidays, such as Christmas, we will post copies to your holiday address on Thursday nights. Simply send us your address and remittance in good time. 2 copies 1s. 9d. Each additional copy 10½d.

New Statesman and Nation
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

No. 345, VOL. MCMIII. Schweppshire Post 1952.

Christmas Cards

LET 'POST' ADVISE YOU

How to go one better than your friends

If sent Jolly Robins (B) show your distaste by sending scientific robin (A). If sent A, suggest with surrealist robin (C), that surely Art has its place. C, in turn can be made to feel out of date with very late Pischwepso (D). To make A, C & D feel absurdly highbrow, all you have to do is send Jolly Robins (B).

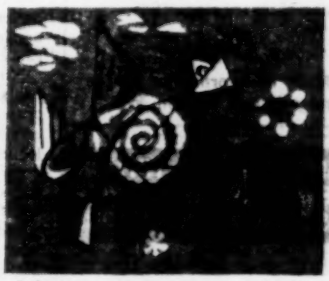
from "Passerines of Schweppshire"

A

Jolie Yule

Schweppador Dalí WINTER SOLSTICE

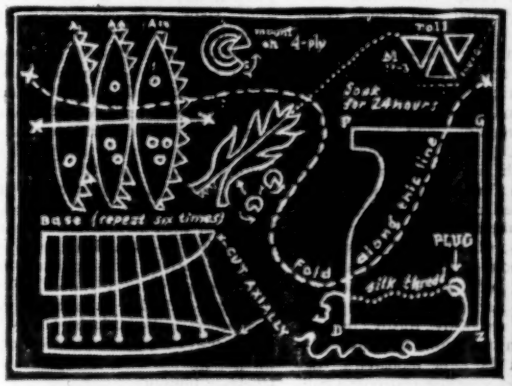
C



Pischwepso YOUNG ROBIN

D

FOR THE YOUNG FOLK



ROARS OF LAUGHTER from the young and young of heart in 'Post's' new XMAS PUDDING GAME of SPHERING THE SQUARE.

* * *

Cut out this square. Paste it on to a piece of old cardboard or preferably binding paper. Cut neatly along dotted lines, holding point of scissors towards chest and if directions are exactly followed, HEY PRESTO!! and there is your XMAS PUDDING.

* * *

Now for fun and larks. Six or eight young people, preferably of opposite sexes, pick sides. The leader holds pudding on thumb balanced at point D, and when the three girls shout BRANDY SAUCE the boys make a pyramid with their hands and the festive sphere is snatched from one corner to the other of the rectangle of players.

Post's GIFT BOX free to all

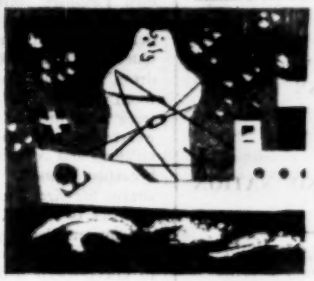
yearly subscribers who have sent cheque.

ORIGINAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

For grown-ups. Are you a doctor? We will send you a novel NEW ERA two-way rustless schwepposcope.

For children. An underwater submarine which explodes at a touch. Complete with realistic imitation atomic anti-submarine gun. Or genuine WIG-WAM (above) with scalping knife and scalps.

Iceland tops Norway's GIFT



Norway's generous gift to Schweppshire of a young Christmas Tree for planting in denuded Schwepping Forest has been followed by Iceland's giant duty-free snowman, in the likeness of Disraeli, friend of Scandinavia.

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Leslie Hunt

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

HEFFER'S

The Bookshop known the world over. New and secondhand. English and foreign books. Learned and rare works bought, lists invited.

W. HEFFER & SONS LTD
PETTY CURY, CAMBRIDGE

HUNGARY'S CHURCHES TODAY
by Rev. Stanley G. Evans

A factual survey, based on personal experiences and evidence gathered during several visits to Hungary since 1945.

9d.
post free from
Hungarian News & Information Service, 33, Pembridge Square, London, W.2.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examinations, B.Sc. Econ., LL.B. and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, etc.
Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, etc., and many identically practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 60,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments. Write it, 'fax for prospectus, send FREE on request, outlining exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
(D1/4) ST. ALBANS or call, 30 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

THIS ENGLAND
2s. 6d.
By post, 2s. 9d., to any address
FROM ALL BOOKSHOPS AND STALLS
Turnstile Press

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa: South £4. East £4 5s. West £3 15s.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Australia, £6. New Zealand, £6 10s.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to: BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc. 30, East 60th Street, N.Y. 22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue: Inland 2d.; Foreign 2d.; Canada 1d.*

Where's Raleigh's Cloak ?

As I walked down Oxford Street in the afternoon—no, as I affronted, shoved, shouldered, eeled my way through, disrupting families, snapping window spells—I was thankful for the bill in my pocket. "*Calling All London!*" it began: I had studied it on the bus, before quitting the bus.

Cooks' Sons, Dukes' Sons, Sons of a Millionaire!
To the
EXHIBITION
From Elizabeth to Elizabeth
To be held at
Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, W.1.
Weekdays from 10 a.m.—6 p.m. Sundays from 2 p.m.—6 p.m., etc.

Stratford Place, that alcove on the north side which offers a refreshing side-glance to the herd, appeared soon between Lilley & Skinner and Dolcis; parked cars huddle its quiet, but one can't, within a barrow-boy's spit from Oxford Street, expect everything. The house at the end, under Hutchinson's adoption, retains much elegance from Adam and Flaxman.

No sign of an Exhibition. Having called us, it holds its peace. Doubtfully we mount steps, push open a door: behind it, a lady nods, smiles, tears off a ticket. No (whole-hearted smile), no catalogues till to-morrow. And now which door? I try one and am directed to another. An inner hall sends up a staircase, which loftily we ascend; and the door opposite is ours.

We are there. But then comes the question, *where?* The problem is to find a starting point. I glance right and left: on one side there's an illuminated text of the Gospel according to St. John, on the other a case dedicated to Baden-Powell. Should I take the first, I come to photographs of the Victorian great, extending indefinitely, it would seem, in recession of time. Baden-Powell, then? But it is hard, for the non-Scout, to gauge what prospect that little wood statue, surrounded by medals and badges, could open up.

So I forge ahead into the close-packed middle of Elizabethan seals and parchments, the New World, snapshots of tricyclists well-met (to which I shall certainly return), a glowing map of enemy Scotland, musical autographs, and arrive at the doorway to Costume. Here is breathing-space, amplitude: at once the attention is frisked by a row of Edwardian stockings, embroidered, starred, flowered, fluted, and one pair yellow unashamedly—perhaps the retort to a more serious aunt's blue. Parasols, silk slippers; two gossipy blinker bonnets of about 1820 on either side of a tapering hatted beau, and a sack dress from our own Twenties; some naval peacockery or other; a cake shape, but a so glistly, thistly, feathery delight of a hat when one knows who wore it—Queen Victoria; then the same monarch's "day dress," to bring shivers to prison matrons; a ballroom vision of 1889, all spangles, butterflies, rosetrees with the roses sewn on—no need for its wearer to seek the conservatory, she's there; knickers and corsets and gloves and pink or blue breakfast bonnets. At that moment, on the wall, almost life-size, I catch sight of a lion tearing at the back of a horse. Startled, I hurry out.

I am on a landing. Shock succeeds shock. A diminutive model of Stephenson's Rocket leads to Gleep—well named—the first Graphite Low Energy Experimental Pile; this is surmounted on the wall behind by a sort of Declaration of Atomic Rights in bold lettering; but underneath, and behind Gleep, hangs a portrait gallery (photographs of prints) of twenty-four worthies ranging from Richard Steele to Blanche Parry, Welsh Maid-of-Honour to Elizabeth I, and Wilson, the landscape painter to Richard Recorde, who introduced algebra to England. He also, we are told, invented the sign =. I must admit that I doubted this when the next two objects met my eye, one being a tiny De Havilland Comet and the other a giant Craigmillar, winner of the St. Leger in 1875. What were they doing there? What was anything doing there? "Where," I heard a voice in the distance, "is the main part of the Exhibition?" No reply. I looked fearfully round: a cross-section of a windmill, an empty tea-room, a letter from Lewis Carroll, some cameos, a vision of pink flats in Paddington, and a dark, disappearing stairway met my inquiry. I started to descend the last, but turned back. A corridor with a predominantly Welsh flavour and a room of first editions and manuscripts—among which a page from De Quincey's *Autobiographic Sketches* was balanced by a Marie Stopes sonnet, unalterably majestic in pencil, ink and print—brought me back to Baden-Powell and the point from which I had set out. More, far more than three rooms, a landing, and a corridor had been traversed in the meanwhile. I felt for the handbill in my pocket. "COME and SEE——"

The lights went out.

When they came back I read: "COME and SEE a Short History of the British People in Outline. . . ." What? Short History? British People? Outline? A cool, feminine voice in the next room was saying, "Of course, we change the dresses," and with the lights off again, and on again, this time for good, I expected everything to have changed. But, remarkably, nothing had. The lion tore the horse in the boudoir; four Welsh authors were encased over a marble handbasin; Dr. Stopes still rhymed; Blanche Parry and Gleep and Craigmillar nestled ever closer together. The landing *collage*, in fact, after several revisits, I came to regard as the masterpiece here, radiating a weird significance through the rooms and out into Stratford Place, where before the front steps was an empty space marked "Hutchinson Car."

A last happy half-hour was spent with Victorian street life, in photographs, some well-known, from the Gernsheim collection. If only John Thomson and Adolphe Smith and their camera had existed a little earlier, to be able to go the rounds with Mayhew! The Italian musicians with a harp were new to me, the club-footed doctor peddling cures, the junk-shop on a corner superbly lit; then old sepia prints of old buildings; then Great Victorian heads, and how admirably self-dramatised they were, and how many! Carlyle, side-face, anticipates a D. H. Lawrence grown grey and old; Fox Talbot looks the black-and-white wizard he was; a pellucid strangeness is Beardsley's; Hardy, with a beard, needs re-reading; and Mr. Sidney Webb shows up not merely as a Chekhov character but as Chekhov himself.

There are, I hope I have made plain, rocks of enchantment to which even the most bewildered can cling; or that Outline (which exists at least in the minds of the All Arts' Committee of the National Playing-fields Association) may be thrillingly and ineffectually hunted; or one can slide and pause, pause and slide, mingling with sense such sweets of surrealism as rarely come a Londoner's way.

So, cooks' sons, dukes' sons, sons of a millionaire, leave your Oxford Street of maundering footsteps, jammed buses, bubble trails, kerb howls, nylon twists, and roll up to quiet Stratford Place, where every day from 10 to 6 the moon shines bright!

G. W. STONIER

SAFETY-FIRST INVESTMENT

2½% per annum

Income Tax paid by the Society

Equal to £4.15.3 per cent to investors subject to income tax at the standard rate

The current rate of interest on share accounts is 2½%, and on ordinary deposit accounts 2%, with income tax paid by the Society in each case. Sums up to a total holding of £5,000 are accepted for investment in Abbey National. For further particulars apply for a copy of the Society's Investment Booklet.

Total Assets £136,630,000

ABBEY NATIONAL
BUILDING SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON, N.W.1

For address of Local Office see Telephone Directory

Experience alone will tell how useful an account at the Westminster Bank can be, but that experience is easily gained. A simple inquiry at any branch will show you, first, that it is not difficult to open an account and, second, that the Bank will welcome you as a customer

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

"I think I'd like
a White Horse
better than anything"

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
16, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bottles 35/-, ½-Bottles 18/3, ¼-Bottles 9/6, Miniature Bottles 3/8 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association.

The Arts and Entertainment

BOTHER POLITICS!

THE Royal Festival Hall was sold out, last Saturday afternoon, for a "British-Soviet Friendship Concert," and it was evident that a large proportion of the audience were infrequent concert-goers. A small incident showed this. After the first movement of Beethoven's Appassionata Sonata there was prolonged applause: the pianist wanted to go on, but the audience wouldn't let him.

I have no rooted objection myself to these spontaneous demonstrations of pleasure; I think that a good deal of high-minded nonsense has been talked on this subject. Until lately the first movement of a concerto was always applauded, and in Beethoven's time it was frequently separated by other items from the remaining movements. Mozart was delighted when his Adagios were encored, and disappointed when they were not. In nineteenth-century operas, the absence of applause after a big "number" can leave an awkward emotional vacuum: the scheme of the music often shows quite clearly that the composer has foreseen and positively invited applause. Nevertheless, in our day, the demands of Good Taste are trying to stifle such applause in the opera-house, and have virtually killed it between the movements of works in sonata form. So the applause in the middle of the Appassionata came as a nice, old-fashioned surprise.

It was not the only old-fashioned element in Saturday's proceedings. The layout of the programme belonged to the epoch of the Grand Celebrity Concert. Those of us who hoped to learn something about the recent achievements of Russian music were disappointed. How, we wondered, had composers reacted to the ferocious Zhdanov decree of February, 1948? Since the Soviet concert party included that attractive composer and accomplished pianist, Dmitri Kabalevsky, it was natural to expect that he would play us some of his recent compositions. Sure enough, Kabalevsky appeared on the platform, but what was our amazement on being informed that his sole function would be to turn over for the fiddler's accompanist! At this announcement even the faithful let out a tiny gasp. With the exception of a sentimental violin encore which was rumoured to be by Glier, the only Russian music performed was by Rachmaninoff.

What the programme clearly revealed was the continuing high standard of Russian instrumentalism. Half the world's greatest violinists have been Slavs, and young Igor Bezrodny—though nothing he did revealed such startling powers as we perceive in the records of David Oistrakh—carries on the great tradition. The pianist was Emil Gilels, a virtuoso in the leonine nineteenth-century style. In Handel's Chaconne he combined extreme velocity with great clarity and independence in part-playing; his Beethoven, if not intellectually penetrating, was powerful and brilliant. In the playing of both these artists there was a kind of dash, a poetic bravura, which struck one as specifically Slavonic, something suggestive of the period of Wieniawski and Anton Rubinstein. But in violin and piano playing, a national style shades off imperceptibly into the international vocabulary of the virtuoso, and it is easy to exaggerate, if not to imagine, such national traits. With singers, on the other hand, the actual vocal timbre and the phrasing (both of which are affected by the consonants and vowels of the language) belong unmistakably to the country of their origin; and it was a great disappointment, for which the organisers of the concert cannot be blamed, that neither of the two singers who had been announced was able to appear.

One of these absent singers, a soprano named Guselnikova, is apparently a beginner; but the other, Mark Reizen, has been for more than twenty years a leading bass at the Bolshoi Theatre of Moscow. His gramophone records show him to be a magnificent singer in the classical style, without the strong personal mannerisms of Chaliapin, but with something of the same splendour and magnetism. What a pity it is that political barriers should prevent a visit of the Bolshoi company with their repertory of national masterpieces by Mussorgsky, Borodin, Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. From all accounts, the *mise-en-scène*, whether realistic or fantastic, offers a magnificent pageant to the eye; and we could certainly anticipate superb orchestral playing and choral singing. As for the soloists, we are obliged to form our impressions of them from the few gramophone records which trickle through to the West. I have recently been lent complete sets of the Bolshoi *Eugen Onegin* and *Queen of Spades*, and conclude that the habitual richness of the bass voices is by no means matched in the soprano or tenor departments. There are evidently some fine Russian mezzos and contraltos; and one of these, Nadezhda Obukhova, stands out from the rest as a splendid and highly individual artist. She is a mature singer, and I fancy that she has more or less retired from the stage; but her interpretation of the Russian song repertory is wonderfully subtle, varied and finished: it evokes memories of the greatest Lieder singers in our experience—of Elena Gerhardt, Blanche Marchesi or Povla Frijsh. If the British-Soviet Friendship Society wish to do music-lovers a good turn, they will invite Madame Obukhova to appear, not at a miscellaneous celebrity concert, but in a series of recitals at the Wigmore Hall. But I fancy that an audience of Wigmore Hall dimensions is politically negligible. Bother politics!

The constant interaction, in these illiberal days, between art and politics has just been sadly demonstrated by the dismissal of Thomas Russell from his position as chairman and managing director of the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Mr. Russell makes no secret of his membership of the Communist Party, and, despite the usual spate of denials, it seems clear enough that his Communism, and in particular his visit last summer to China as a delegate of the British-China Friendship Association, is the cause of his dismissal. He regards himself as the victim of a "witch-hunt," and the letter contributed to this journal by fifteen members of the orchestra supports his view. Let this much be said for Mr. Russell's opponents: in theory Communism is an all-embracing faith, and a Communist director might well prove a liability to an orchestra. In practice, however, it would appear that Mr. Russell has always, in Sir Adrian Boult's words, "kept that side of his life entirely apart from the orchestra." No one could say that L.P.O. programmes have shown the slightest tendency to toe a party line; and, although it has often been asserted that an orchestral player had to be pretty "Red" in order to feel comfortable within the L.P.O., that assertion is now decisively disproved, since it is the self-governing orchestra itself which has taken action. On the face of it, the Russell case looks very much like a witch-hunt. If it is not that, what is all the fuss about? No other reason has yet been put forward for the dismissal of an able administrator whose organising capacity and devotion to the L.P.O.'s interests are beyond question.

Ironically enough, Mr. Russell's departure coincides with the appearance of his new book, *Philharmonic Project* (Hutchinson, 15s.). He examines the complex orchestral situation in this country, marshals innumerable facts and figures with great persuasive power, and once again pleads the special cause of the L.P.O. with a loyalty and fervour which are almost obsessional. Some of his statements have acquired a pathetic ring in the light of events.

I do not impute bad faith to those administrators who fail to gain the players' allegiance. . . . Nothing is easier than to gain the confidence and support of the players. . . . It is essential that the real power in all these matters should rest in the hands of the players. . . .

he's a
CRAVEN
TOBACCO
man

For a smooth, full-flavoured smoke CRAVEN TOBACCO is miles ahead. Men in all walks of life find this fresh, rich tobacco gives a deep satisfaction that remains long after each pipeful. Try CRAVEN today—discover the richest joy in smoking.

CHOOSE FROM THREE FINE BLENDS

Craven Mixture 4/6 oz.
Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/2 oz.
Craven Empire Curly Cut 4/3 oz.

FOR MEN WHO KNOW GOOD TOBACCOS

This Communist is certainly a good democrat. And now that the players have used their power to turn him out, whom will they find to direct their affairs with comparable skill and experience?

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The Birth of a Nation," at the Marble Arch Pavilion
"Forbidden City," at the Berkeley
"Volcano," at the Rialto

The L.C.C. has it in its power to ban any film from being shown publicly in the territory under its rule. This right it has recently implemented to prevent our seeing a French film, by all accounts as harmless as it is entertaining—in fact, a prime choice for the Christmas holidays—because in it Fernandel plays the part of a Catholic priest. Catholics objected. The affair has already been commented upon in our "London Diary." Such frivolousness on the part of a responsible Council—a frivolousness far exceeding that of the film—distresses but, I must say, does not surprise me: it is always the minority that decides what the majority shall *not enjoy*.

But while banning is in the air (which, thank heaven, in England it never is for long), let me distract attention to another case. If there were a Negro member of the L.C.C., which I suspect there is not, he would have got up long ago to protest against the showing of *The Birth of a Nation*. And he would have had a strong case, whereas the case against Fernandel is of the feeblest. He would have pointed out, first, that, as shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion, the film is only half Griffith's: the original lasted three hours, this version occupies little over an hour and a half. It depicts the impact of Civil War on the South, the corruption following defeat, the melodrama of the Klu Klux Klan. Griffith's film as he meant it has been accused of illiberalism: in its present form, which clips the war and respects the Klan, its effect is to set off White heroism against degenerate Blacks. At any time this shift of emphasis would be, from the Negro point of view, disagreeable: at the present moment, with Malan prohibiting free assemblage, and Kenya in danger of guerilla warfare, the showing of such a film must engender hostility. Should it not, therefore, be banned?

And so, except for the last sentence, would say I, if I—in an even more remote contingency—were an L.C.C. member. I am quite certain that the melodramatic impact of the film will be to prejudice audiences against Negroes. *The Birth of a Nation* has lain fallow some thirty-odd years, and to choose this moment for its revival is at the best a piece of gross insensitiveness. Has nobody, official or unofficial, pointed this out to the exhibitors? Could not the film have been tactfully withheld? This is not a mere quibble of words; and as soon as things in the colour war get better, the temporary ban could have been lifted. One condition, as a film critic, I should add: that at least half of the cuts (which make nonsense of the early part of the film) should be restored. However, I am not a member of the L.C.C., whose opinion is law; and I would point out that, since obviously the film will go on being shown, it is worth seeing even in this slashed version, decorated with bangs, roars, and familiar tunes.

The first Chinese film to reach Londoners arrives at the Berkeley. It is stately, remote, decent: oh for the touch of the wicked Japanese! *Forbidden City* tells, episodically and stiffly, of a young Emperor under the thumb of his mother. Filial obedience, I know, weighed even more in nineteenth-century China than in England; but to Tottenham Court Road—and to me—he seems the most spineless of heroes. My chief pleasure here was in the costumes, the backgrounds, and the speech. And I could wish that—for six months, say—all film dialogue had to be in Chinese.

Volcano is in American. See it for the sake of Anna Magnani: you won't hear her, because whenever she opens her mouth a tame American speaks instead. Nevertheless, even so tongue-tied or horribly possessed a Magnani is worth *seeing*. In two scenes she excels: one in which, singing a popular song in her own voice, she abandons herself and wards off an admirer, and the other in which she starts to seduce a scoundrel in order to protect her sister. Both scenes are cut short. But, American direction, dubbing, and all, Magnani is worth ten Rosselini-Bergmans.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE seven sermons on the Seven Sins came to an end this week with Angus Wilson's excellent talk on *Sloth*—astringent, uncompromising, penetrating and clear. They have not been of a constant quality. Uneasiness and apology have been the mood of some; there has been a case or two of unction. Magnificence and thunder were not to be found at all; the speakers evidently did not feel, like the old-time preachers, that they were quite of the stature of their subject. Mr. Tippett (*Pride*), of which I have already spoken, was serious, complex and sincere. Mr. Speaight (*Covetousness*) seemed to be both complacent and confused, advocating a kind of nineteenth-century *laissez-faire* ("The sin of interference is the mortal sin of our society") and trying to cover it over with an exaltation of words at the end. Anthony Powell (*Lust*) cheated with an almost entirely literary approach. R. Furneaux Jordan (*Anger*), in the best-written talk of the seven, gave a splendid brief picture of the medieval world, though surely overrating its merits. He made the good point that Tolerance, the invented virtue of the age of doubt, is as two-edged as Anger, its obverse and positive. "Anger needs a new valuation. It is no longer a deadly sin; it has become a necessity." Martin Browne

B.Sc. ECON.
— University of London

● The above Degree is *open to all without residence*, and provides a valuable qualification for men and women who seek executive appointments in commerce or industry, government or municipal posts, or promotion in the teaching profession. Study for the Degree covers a course of wide and interesting reading. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the required examinations. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified specialist Tutors. Fees are moderate and may be paid by instalments.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

Lifeboat men volunteer their lives . . . you can volunteer a contribution . . . Help them to carry on this voluntary work of saving lives by sending a contribution, however small.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary.

FOAM ON RIVERS

The following question was put in the House of Commons on Thursday, November 27th, 1952, by Sir Herbert Williams, Member of Parliament for Croydon East:—

"To ask the Minister of Housing and Local Government whether his attention has been drawn to the fact that certain detergents are now having materials added to them which have the effect of producing permanent foam with a consequential prejudice to public health and will he state what steps he is proposing to take under the Public Health Act to deal with this matter."

Mr. Marples, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Housing and Local Government, replied:—

"My Rt. Hon. Friend presumes my Hon. Friend has in mind the effect of the foaming on sewage processes and sewage effluents.

"My Rt. Hon. Friend is aware of the troubles that are being experienced and as a first step he is having the technical problems investigated in consultation with the manufacturers."

The appearance of foam on rivers and filter beds at sewage farms has become a national problem. It is possible for this foam to leave a scum on the surface of river waters which prevents oxygenation with the result that animalcula may die, the water often becomes foul and fish may either desert the rivers or die.

On sewage filter beds the foam sometimes rises four or more feet high. Portions are blown about, an occurrence which may well cause concern amongst neighbouring residents, especially those with children.

In view of the suggestion made in the House that this phenomenon is due to a lathering agent added to some domestic washing detergents, **the manufacturers of Stergene wish to state that their detergent gives little or no lather, as the most modern detergents do not require foam to indicate efficiency. Stergene contains no substance which could be responsible for excessive foam on rivers or filter beds.**

It is further claimed that there is ample scientific evidence for the assertion that lather is entirely unnecessary and that Stergene is the complete efficient cleanser without it.

DOMESTOS LIMITED
Newcastle upon Tyne

Manufacturers of **Stergene**, the household detergent

(*Envy*) strayed off into theatrical fancies. Norman Nicholson (*Gluttony*) showed how this "comic sin" was also a terrible one; his picture of the modern glutton, well kept and trim, but ravaging whole countries to satisfy his demands, was brilliant. And so back to Mr. Wilson, telling his listeners that mental sloth, of which they are nearly all guilty, is entirely incompatible with humanistic belief; and convincing us that sloth stands perhaps highest of all "in the catalogue of man's sins against man."

One speaker, Martin Browne, sought to enliven his talk by introducing recorded dramatic excerpts. The principle of giving entertainment when it supports the idea is not at all unreasonable; though here, the passages were not only trite but of an inexplicable irrelevance to the theme. But the main point was that their use did show a mistrust of the talk as a medium for conveying a thought and at the same time holding the listener's attention—a mistrust which any few days' listening, as well as the series, must dispel. A striking refutal would be Basil Taylor's two distinguished critical talks on *Stubbs and Géricault* and the changing conception of animal painting. In them was a close concentration of material, through which ran an intricate pattern of thought, yet they were spoken with a pervasive life and excitement which show what *can* be done with the reading of a serious long prose script.

What *can* have happened to the Religious Department last Sunday evening? *It*—for I do not know what to call what I heard—was inoffensively described in the *Radio Times* as "*Now:* a dramatic parable for Advent by Norman Barrow." At first it seemed as if Billy Bunter had been given a part in *The Cocktail Party* on the condition that he provided his own lines; but what began by being hilariously funny soon became just disgusting; and not surprisingly, with all the Sex and Politics (both so nasty) that got mixed up in it. Could it, I innocently wondered, be a private joke of the B.B.C.? I can only say that I have heard nothing on the radio that was at once so absurd, so embarrassing, and (especially in its context) so vulgar. What the Home-worshippers who had tuned in to the service thought of it, I dare not imagine.

And yet, two or three evenings earlier it was possible to hear a "religious" feature in a modern setting that was both dignified and effective—*Avowed Intent* (by Denis Constanduros), an account of the stages by which a boy becomes a clergyman. It was hard, indeed, to see how any listener to this pleasant, shrewd and practical programme, which used its emotional motives so sparingly and so well, could resist the call to enter the same profession as the hero. And Robert Kemp's attractive play about St. Andrew, in Children's Hour on Sunday afternoon (also with a modern setting), was another instance of how well a point may be made in dramatic form without the aid of affectation and pretentiousness.

NAOMI LEWIS

Alan Rawsthorne's First Symphony, at the Festival Hall

Alan Rawsthorne's first Symphony was commissioned by the Royal Philharmonic Society and first played in November, 1950. Since then it had been heard only once in this country (though also in Belgium and South Africa) until the two performances last week, in Festival Hall and studio, of the B.B.C. Orchestra. A cogent and satisfying work, it deserves a firm place in our orchestral repertory. The first movement sweeps listeners into the middle of things and compels delighted attention by its logical progress and strikingly individual idiom. The slow movement is romantic, with a simple but wonderfully beautiful and imaginative resolution to a final chord of E major. The Scherzo is a fine example of a contrapuntal device making immediate effect, for the 5-8 opening is recapitulated in inversion, and is intelligible at once even without a score. The Finale is punctuated by a massive chord piled up slowly by the brass, a bastion from which first the main theme is recklessly flung, from which later a shimmering and limitless horizon is scanned, and which is mounted once more in the triumphant ending. Rawsthorne's first Symphony is indubitably a "strong" work, but without harshness or bitterness. Rather it is written from a strength which finds place, in passing, for tranquil beauty and the wayward wit of the wind's interjections in the first and last movements.

A. P.

Contemporary British Painters, at Wildenstein's

Of the nine painters included in this show, I found four interesting and the rest, in various ways, merely slick. Edward Wakeford, showing seven large watercolours, is an immediately attractive painter. Six of his pictures would make delightful Christmas presents. Nor is that to depreciate them. They are gay, light, witty—creations of quick touch rather than of concentrated passion—but they *work*; their charm is never a substitute for observation or discipline. If one looks at the beach scene at Sheringham, the smoke smudging from the steamer on the horizon, the fallen lines of the breakwater, the bobbin-little girls emerging in bikinis from behind them, the folds of the waves, one realises how nimble his calligraphy is, with what awareness and experience the washes have been applied to span fifteen miles, how innocent he makes his most artful touch appear. Obviously, Wakeford is a bantam-weight, but he paints as only few can whistle—and to say that is to say quite a lot. Sam Rabin is showing twelve small, coloured drawings of boxers and referees. His awareness of the structure and movement of his fighters, and of the atmosphere of the ring, is excellent. Leonard Rosoman's figures, mysterious in shadows and shafts of light, are based on evocative ideas and are very sensitive in colour. Yet they hardly seem to be paintings at all. Rather, one thinks of their flat images, peeled off on to the canvas from some magical, poetic transfer. George Hooper's harbour-scenes and still lives are raw and obstinate, but just because of these qualities they demand a certain respect.

J. B.

Obtainable at all newsagents and booksellers, every Thursday, 3d., or by postal subscription—see form.

Everyone agrees that for closer understanding between the British and Soviet peoples, it is essential to know the truth about life in the USSR and about her international policy.

With official documents as well as articles by leading authors, scientists, journalists and experts from all walks of life, "SOVIET WEEKLY" provides this information.

In this well-illustrated paper, you will find the answers to your questions on :

- SOVIET PEACE POLICY
- GREAT CONSTRUCTIVE DEVELOPMENTS
- SOVIET PEOPLE AT WORK AND AT PLAY
- SOVIET SCIENCE AND THE ARTS
- THE PEACEFUL CO-EXISTENCE OF TWO SYSTEMS.

CUT HERE

To SOVIET WEEKLY,
3 ROSARY GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.7.

★ Please find enclosed 4/4d. for 3 months; 8/8d. for 6 months; 17/4d. for 12 months; being my subscription to Soviet Weekly.

★ Please send me specimen copy and further information. (Cross out what does not apply)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

(Block letters)

LEISURE is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

One of to-day's problems is that of making the best use of leisure hours. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

London University Degrees are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three (in some cases, two) examinations. You may study for these at home and in your own time, wherever you are.

Wolsey Hall Postal Courses for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of all difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees are reasonable and may be spread over the period of the Course. More than 16,000 Successes at London University examinations, 1925-51.

Write for PROSPECTUS to C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH24,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Make writing your hobby this winter

If you feel you have a talent for writing, develop it now. Papers are getting bigger, with greater opportunities for those who have had professional training.

If you wish, you may send a MS. for an opinion on your chances to the LSJ—the only School under the patronage of leading newspaper proprietors, the School where students consistently sell their work.

"Writing for the Press" is free on application to: *Prospectus Office,*

LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 GORDON SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.1.
MUSeum 4574.

"There are LSJ students all over the world."

Correspondence

THE VOICE OF THE KIKUYU

SIR,—No one can be happy about the present state of affairs in Kenya save the mischief-makers on both sides; no one seriously argues that all the Kikuyu are bad people, nor that all the Whites in Kenya are bad. Yet there seems to be no way out save suppression and terrorism. If the White man tries to suppress the native, he is like a man trying to throw another into a ditch. Each refuses to release his hold; and both find themselves at the bottom of the ditch.

The root cause of unrest in Kenya is well known. The trouble is that the White Settler will not recognise it. For many years land hunger has been the source of trouble. I am a Kikuyu, and I know how deep-seated is my people's grievance. It colours our attitude towards the Government, the chiefs, the missionaries and all Whites. It always comes back to this. However good the intentions of the Whites may be, the Kikuyu will always view them with suspicion: the White man should not have taken our land.

The present crisis could be attributed to many grievances on such matters as the land problem, political representation, and other social and economic demands which have never been met by the Government. These unfulfilled demands have now given birth to the outburst known as Mau Mau terrorism.

While the Kikuyu have strong grievances against the White man, it is not true to say that the Kikuyu are against the White man or against Christianity. They recognise that the White man has brought so many good things, including Christianity, but such things could only be appreciated by a man who had somewhere to rest or to call his home, and such place is land.

Legally the African is told he does not own land in Kenya. The land is owned by the Crown and he is a tenant at the will of the Crown. To him, such is a frightful knowledge. It has driven him to the hated oath of Mau Mau; he feels insecure on his land; he is haunted by the fear that one day the White man will come and drive him away from the small land left to him in the beautiful Highlands. If this process goes on, we Africans are doomed, the fate of the Red Indian of America and the Aborigine of Australia is ours. The White man's only concern and desire is to make our country his own, and to make us his slaves or cheap labourers for ever. The African goes on to argue that the White man is in East and Central Africa to make a big White Dominion in which the African will have very little say.

The attitude of the Government and the White man in general in Kenya makes it impossible for a loyal African or a chief to win confidence among his fellow Africans. He lacks examples which he could proudly show them to prove his words; and the few good things such as hospitals and caring for the sick men have been so often spoken about that they have now lost their value.

The African demands that more land should be allocated to him. The Government replies that this is impossible; and that everyone should realise that not every African can own land. The moderate African is expected to convey this news to his fellow Africans with all the seriousness he can command. But no one believes him because the explanation is not convincing. Every African activity which aims at making him feel free—such as the traditional dances—has always been banned. His political organisations such as the East African Association, the Kikuyu Central Association, etc., were banned. Recently, some of the African schools were closed and African newspapers proscribed.

So it is up to the British people to save Kenya from its present situation. To do so, let the White men there change their attitude towards Africans. Treat them as equals if your statement of partnership is sincere, and the African will be happy. Give them more land. Give them more representatives in the Legislative Council and let them elect them. Let them run their own schools. Let them meet freely. Give them more pay. Let them form their trade unions. Then you will win their confidence.

What the writer—who was formerly editor of the *Mumenyereri*, Kikuyu bi-weekly paper—is trying to say is that the African in Kenya must feel that the Government which is ruling the country is his Government. It is well known that you cannot extinguish a fire by adding more fuel. The present measures taken in Kenya are adding more fuel to a house that is already burning.

HENRY MUORIA

KENYA COFFEE

SIR,—Readers of your article on Kenya, "The Settlers' Case," may be interested to know something of the facts of conditions of labour on the coffee estates.

We are all aware in this country of the increased price of coffee. On June 18, 1952, in answer to a question in the House of Commons, Mr. Lyttelton said: "The average prices per ton paid to producers in Kenya during the last three completed seasons have been £161, £350 and £374 respectively. The minimum *monthly* rates of pay for permanent employees (excluding the value of housing and rations) were 17s. in 1950, 23s. 68 cents in 1951 and 24s. 25 cents this year. Annual bonuses equivalent to two or three months wages are normally given as well."

I do not know the value of rations in Kenya but a note in the Labour Department Report of Tanganyika, 1951, gives an addition of 4s. a month to wages where rations are not provided.

In Kenya, there is a statutory minimum wage for industrial workers but not for agricultural workers. According to Mr. Lyttelton (*Hansard*, June 18) wages of African coffee workers are negotiated at an annual meeting of representative planters and growers and chief headmen from labour-producing areas, under the chairmanship of the District Commissioner concerned. It may be noted that no member of the Labour Department takes part in these negotiations.

Until comparatively recently, Africans have not been allowed to grow *Arabica* coffee. The figures are not available at the moment of writing as to the number of Africans who have been granted licences.

In Tanganyika, in 1950-51, the coffee produced by Africans, mainly the Kilimanjaro Native Co-operative Union with a membership of over 100,000, was 4,562 tons and by non-native growers (European) 1,643 tons. In Uganda, in 1950, the value of the non-native crop was about one-third of the African production.

Your readers may deduce that the African of Kenya is inferior to the African of Uganda and Tanganyika or they may think that the settlers of Kenya wish to monopolise the growing of valuable export crops, such as coffee and sisal, confining the Africans to the growing of maize and the supply of a cheap labour force.

3 Chivelston, HILDA SELWYN-CLARKE
London, S.W.19.

THE PRAGUE TRIAL

SIR,—I have known quite a few of the defendants in the Prague trial, personally and politically, and for many years I have watched their career with horrified fascination. It may well be that my views on the whole matter may be mistaken, but to classify them as Westerners and national Communists is certainly an over-simplification. This label may be applied to Clementis. He was perhaps the most critically minded of the Czechoslovak Communists and had come frequently into conflict with Party discipline. His most heinous sin was his repudiation of Comintern policy in 1939 when he left the Communist Party on the occasion of the Soviet-German Pact. Such sins are never forgiven.

Evzen Loebl, another defendant who was given a life sentence, expressed similar sentiments at that time but he made up for them in 1945 by violently attacking Unrra and advocating, in an economic symposium published by the Czechoslovak Communist Party, the complete severance of economic relations with the West. Consequently, in 1948, he rose to the position of Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade.

No suspicion ever attached to Otto Sling (or Slink or Schling), the son of a rich industrialist in the Sudetenland. He rose to fame during the Spanish War. Being, like most bullies, a coward, he failed in battle and was seconded to the Secret Police. In this capacity he murdered dozens of "deviationists" and members of the POUM, a fact confirmed by his comrades-in-arms and boasted by himself. After the war he became the virtual ruler of Moravia where he carried out the Party's directives with the utmost brutality, while at the same time living in luxury.

Fritz or Bedrich Geminder was a leading member of Czechoslovakia's Communist Youth until 1929 when he was transferred to Moscow. There he stayed until 1945 or 1946, probably groomed for an important task.

Otto Katz or Andre Simone, though born in Czechoslovakia, spent most of his adult life (until 1933) in Berlin where he was editor of the *Welt am Abend*, a disreputable rag mixing Communist propaganda with sexy features. This paper was owned by the Communist Willi Muenzenberg.

There are a variety of reasons for the trial:

(1) Clementis was a potential leader of a Slovak faction, and may have felt some sympathy for Tito shared by his Communist compatriots.

In dealing with non-Communists he showed some traces of humanity, another unforgivable sin. The same applies to Evzen Loebl.

(2) Slansky, Schling and Geminder had been prominent long before anyone had heard of the "honest carpenter" Gottwald who had been called from his work-bench to high office in 1929 when over 20 members of the Czechoslovak Parliament had left the Party in disgust. The Slanskys, Schlings and Geminders intended him to be their tool, not their master. Counting on Moscow's support they treated him as a figure-head. This was a fateful mistake. Gottwald recruited to his entourage former collaborators and semi-collaborators (there are many in Czechoslovakia) and then struck. It is a mere guess why Moscow agreed to the arrest and trial of its own agents, but it appears that anti-Semitic propaganda in Czechoslovakia, fostered by some refugees, was fairly effective. In the circumstances Moscow seems to have been quite prepared to sacrifice its friends in order to silence this propaganda which had a disruptive effect

Choose Books for Christmas

J. C. MASTERMAN
★ **To Teach the Senators Wisdom**
"This great permanent Oxford book."
JOHN CONNELL, *Evening News*.
(15/- net)

ENGLISH CHANNEL ★
Words by
Peter Temple
Pictures by
Keith Baynes
Uniform with "Vineyards of France." by J. M. Scott and Keith Baynes.
12 *full colour illustrations and* 62 *drawings*.
(25/- net)

BELL NICOLL
The Span of Time
The remarkable autobiography of a general practitioner known to listeners through the Silver Lining Programme. "A marvel of gallant courage and spiritual faith." SIR PHILIP GIBBS.
(12/6 net)

★ *Recommended by THE BOOK SOCIETY*

The Publishers are
HODDER & STOUGHTON, London, E.C.4.

on industrial discipline. Action taken against the Jews will certainly be popular in Czechoslovakia and enhance the standing of the Government. There is also an analogy to the Marty-Tillon case in France. The colourless Gottwald is easier to handle than some of the leaders who did achieve prominence by their own merits.

(3) Otto Katz (Andre Simone) was one of Muenzenberg's right-hand men. The late Muenzenberg had shown some signs of independence, due to his strong financial position. Consequently, in 1939, he had been refused sanctuary in the Soviet Union and had eventually perished on the European Continent. Katz knew too much of his master's deals and dealings with Moscow. Hence Moscow took the opportunity and added him to the list of defendants.

The conclusion is fairly simple. Czechoslovakia, bereft of Communist leaders of political standing, has now become a mere satrapy of the Soviet Union. The trial—and the trials which are bound to follow—did not aim at the suppression of pro- or anti-Russian or pro- and anti-Western factions but at the elimination of potentially dangerous personalities. This aim has been fully achieved. K. WEISSKOPF

46 Christchurch Avenue,
London, N.W.6.

SIR,—I hope that those of my Communist friends who, like myself, have urged the President of the United States to exercise clemency towards Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, will be equally ready to protest to their Czech colleagues against the tone and content of the Slansky trial. Argument may exist whether anti-Zionism differs from anti-Semitism—I would ask them only to place on the Prosecutor's remarks the construction which they would place on the same words if they had been uttered in the course of the Rosenberg trial.

Those of us who are pacifists, and who have frequent cause to stress that upon no pretext will we support war against the Communists, or anybody else, have also a responsibility to make it equally plain that we do not harbour illusions about the excesses of which Governments are capable. The attitude of mind which regards calculated anti-Semitism as a contribution to the "struggle for peace" has much the same effect in colouring our attitude towards the World Peace Council, which the Czech Government zealously supports, as the activities of Syngman Rhee and Senator McCarthy have in colouring our attitude, and that of the Communist powers, to U.N. If, in spite of treason trials, we still want peace, and still devote our energies to reducing tension between East and West and to resisting atomic liberators, that is because we are pacifists. A world devoted to crusades, liberating generals, propaganda, and espionage, breeds treason trials and injustice as a corpse breeds flies. But it would be unfortunate if our rejection of war and of hatred should lead some of the Governments of the world to underestimate the effect upon public opinion of their conceptions of judicial procedure.

20 Honor Oak Road, ALEX COMFORT
S.E.23.

THE U.N. IN NEW YORK

SIR,—A faithful and devoted reader of your Review, I have particularly appreciated the leading article in your issue of November 22: "Suicide in New York".

It is truer every day that the designation of New York City as the permanent site of the United Nations has been an error. On this subject, Mr. Sumner Welles, American Under-Secretary of State till 1943, wrote in his book *Where Are We Heading?* (Hamish Hamilton, London, 1947):

> The book was published in 1947.
>
> It was finally determined that the permanent site of the United Nations should be in the neighbourhood of New York City. No more unwise or illogical decision could have been reached. The location of the permanent headquarters of the United Nations within the territory of any one of the major Powers will inevitably give rise sooner or later at a moment of crisis to the charge that public opinion, and in particular the press and radio, of that major Power, is creating an unwarranted influence upon the delegates and that such an atmosphere is not conducive to an impartial and objective consideration of their problems. Had the members of the United Nations been guided solely by the long-range interests of the organization, they would not have agreed on New York as the permanent headquarters.

IGOR B. BOUSSEL
Paris, 16.

MR. THOMAS RUSSELL

SIR,—Recent reports in the press referring to the administrative changes in the London Philharmonic Orchestra have failed to reveal the essential points behind these changes.

It was not mentioned, for example, that Mr. Thomas Russell was dismissed from the position he has held since 1939 because he spent his recent holidays in China. Neither was it made clear that this unfortunate decision was supported by no more than 27 out of 51 shareholders entitled to vote.

The new Vice-Chairman of the Orchestra has stated that, in spite of this change, "everyone is happy." On behalf of fifteen members, many of whom have worked with Mr. Russell for a long period, I wish to state that, although they intend to work as loyally for the Orchestra in the future as they have done in the past, they can only express their extreme unhappiness at the course which events have taken, and that this unhappiness is increased by an awareness that the decision was arrived at after considerable influence had been exerted from outside.

FREDERICK RIDDLE AND FOURTEEN OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRA
14 South Audley Street,
London, W.1.

NELLIE MELBA

SIR,—I am collecting material for a biography of Dame Nellie Melba, whose secretary I was during World War One. In addition, I knew her intimately for eighteen years during the latter stage of her life.

I shall be glad to receive any letters, photographs or reminiscences of any kind whatsoever. Where possible, all material will be carefully copied and returned.

57 Moree Street, Gordon, FREDA BARRYMORE
New South Wales.

UN CADEAU DE NOËL QUI DURE TOUTE L'ANNÉE

What better Christmas gift for anyone interested in modern French life and literature than a subscription to one of our book clubs?

LIVRES DE FRANCE

'French Book Society' bringing regularly to the notice of its members, through its magazine and specialized lists, all that is of interest in the latest French literature, and ensuring a supply of newly published books at the French publisher's price.

LE CLUB POURPRE

A French Book Club service, providing each month a reprint of a contemporary French novel, bound and attractively presented, for as little as £1 3*s.* 9*d.* for five months, or £2 7*s.* 6*d.* for ten months. From Marcel Aymé to Jean-Paul Sartre, its lists include all the leading French novelists of today.

★

If you wish to offer to a friend in England, or in any part of the world, a subscription to one of these book clubs, we shall be glad to make the necessary arrangements. Your friend will be advised of your gift by an attractive French Christmas card.

LIVRES DE FRANCE
127 Regent Street, London, W1

What makes Christmas

"AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." (Luke 2, v.8)

Magic words! Underlying all the Christmas festivities—the gay shops, the Christmas trees, the bulging stockings at the foot of the children's beds, the eating and drinking and return to kindliness—is this story of the outcast Child, the angels and the shepherds, read in a million Churches all over the world on Christmas Day.

But the story comes from the English Bible. What if you haven't got a Bible or if it is not yet translated into your language? The Bible Society exists to provide all men with the Scriptures in their mother tongue and at a price they can afford. What men can afford is much less than the cost of providing the Books.

Will you help this Christmas to make the Christmas Story available to men in their own languages by sending a gift to—

THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

146, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

Christmas Books—II

SIX POEMS

CHINESE BALLAD

A bit from a long ballad by Li Chi, a Communist who collected country ballads during his other activities. It was written in 1945 in North Shensi, and has since been made into a much praised opera. This bit was considered technically interesting because the theme had been used in classical style, first, I am told, by the Yuan poet Chao Meng-fu, and was now transposed or restored into popular style. The translation is word for word, so far as I can know from simply being given the meanings of the characters; there is a bit of fudging over the children, but this seems fair because the term specifically means dolls for children. He crosses the stream where it turns because it is wider therefore shallower there.

Now he has seen the girl Hsiang-Hsiang,
Now back to the guerrilla band;
And she goes with him down the vale
And pauses at the strand.

The mud is yellow, deep, and thick,
And their feet stick, where the stream turns.
"Make me two models out of this,
That clutches as it yearns.

"Make one of me and one of you,
And both shall be alive.
Were there no magic in the dolls
The children could not thrive.

"When you have made them smash them back;
They yet shall live again.
Again make dolls of you and me
But mix them grain by grain.

"So your flesh shall be part of mine
And part of mine be yours.
Brother and sister we shall be
Whose unity endures.

"Always the sister doll will cry,
Made in these careful ways,
Cry on and on, Come back to me,
Come back, in a few days."

WILLIAM EMPSON

THE POET ON HIS BIRTHDAY

All came to pieces in my hands,
The hesitant and the humane,
A history as flat as prose
Soiled by the salt poetic stain.

The bomb fell and the city burned
And with my palms I sifted sands
And I am paid what I have earned.

All darkness round the burning rose,
All hesitation through the dance,
All human love that habit turned
(O waters of mirage, advance!)

To lust, to hate, to glum routine
From what was ardour in the glance,
Define what my restrictions mean.

All, my ingenious fancy knows:
The horror of the human scope
That turns, from its fallacious hope,
All ashes, to the burning rose.

Loose these intellectual knots:
A crumbling yellow page of prose:
Murders, massacres, and plots.

Salty pillars round the plain.
Redemption through the flaming rose.
And memory the lovely stain
By which the damned his blessing knows.

G. S. FRASER

HIGH DEFINITION

On love: how should the poem encompass passion,
Express love in some systematic fashion
Yet bearing through its verses the full glow
Of energies below the images
In that still unmoulded stream of molten gold;
To clarify its purposes without
Their freezing in the analytic cold;
To watch its many-levelled structure show
The fullness and the drive of doubt?

Not merely aiding in a definition
Deeper than those semantics of confusion
Which mutter "love" until the meaning blurs,
Nor as mere celebration or mere comment,
The exaggeration of the passing gust,
Nor in the genial warmth or dazzling heat
Of love's invariable surrounding climate
—Of that delightful summer which is lust—
Nor taking less than love complete.

Though it is true that some sort of fruition
May form a verse out of the partial passion,
(When loss adds adventitious energies,
The single incident bursts into flames,
Or single aspect holds the fading light
In the illustrative moment of a lyric
Complete among its flowers, stars and streams,
Or in some undeep generalised expression
Out of the immature empiric);

In this analysis of adoration
She brings his search for good into completion
In intellect, integrity, desire:
Not merely fire and flower, the form of love.
(Till as I write my whole heart sees her blazing
In all the beauty of her discontent!)
And then verse, sprung from all the meaning levels,
In turn helps integrate the heart, composing
Its full perfection and assent.

Struck only from profundities of passion
It holds life's balance through that sane obsession,
Although the word reverts to its beginnings
When magic held the purposes of art
And naming cast the animistic spell;
Till "perfect" is the definition of
One woman, "warmth" or "fullness" mean a heart
And "desperate" lives only in some adverb
That qualifies a verb "to love."

ROBERT CONQUEST

RESPITE

In the almost birdless wood
Unstirring long I stood.
A buzzard hovered above;
I listened—but he alone
As if in torment cried
Over the littered stone,
Table and altar, where dove,
Young magpie and rabbit had died
To still the doom in his blood.

Now silken fur and feather,
White-flaked with dung, together
Glow in the gold-streaked gloom,
An iridescence shed
On the living darkness of moss:
As jewels, radiantly dead,
Glint in an open tomb
These relics cast their gloss
On bracken, stone and heather.

Blended in half-light there
Poison and sweetness share
A world devoid of choice.
More midnight blue than day
Bleeds from the trampled bilberry,
The fungus bloats with decay.
The killer's, the victim's voice,
Mingle indivisibly,
In ritual discord they pair.

Silence has blotted pain
In the Savage God's domain.
The buzzard, looping, has glided
High over moor and hill;
Yet folded in faint unease
For a moment all is still
Where his wind-blurred cry subsided,
A deathly diocese
Waiting to praise and complain.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE WASTE LAND

However real it is, it is not true.
Its owner knew
Better than to stay there long: left it for others
to waste their sweetness on.
For the word is most seductive, when it speaks
of the desert.

If there are many entrances,
So are there many exits. It lies across no maps, relentless—
Is only a state of mind; not mine, not yours, perhaps.
And if it bores or charms you, do not linger there:
Dogs know better than to give themselves bad names.

Do you let literature dictate your lecheries, or likes, or loathings?
Slam doors in front of nervous faces? O sentimental reader,
Worse than hypocrite. So gently forced along rats' alleys,
Or into sallies up the unlit interesting stairs.
And do you find
All life is lost in lost weekends, a whole world in a Metropole?

Read much, or not at all. That other images may maze
Your unfound ways. That haggling signposts throw you back upon yourself—
Upon a world beyond the dust-cover.
Lover of nature,
Cultivate your own back-garden—
lest you be known as wastrel, waster,
And the night-worm take you seriously, raise its ready head.

D. J. ENRIGHT

ONCE AND NOW

Once, crossing by giant stones the brown water,
I remembered the king and his banished daughter.
A sad wind crept out of the hazel wood,
And in my eyes the unreasonable tears stood.

Once, in a sonata a broken phrase
Made me aware of dancers in a maze,
Of flutes and lanterns in the hall under the hill;
Again my eyes were wet, and the air chill.

There is no ghost-dance now, no sleeping prince;
The tattered girl I have not remembered since.
Through music's labyrinth no strange airs speak;
No tears over the brown stream moisten my cheek.

JAMES REEVES

IN YOUTH IS PAIN

The Denton Welch Journals. Edited by JOCELYN BROOKE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

That the second world war should have revived romanticism in literature was only to be expected. What remains strange is that, whether a writer was caught up in the war or not, he was affected by the same mood of nostalgia. It is only a short step from the poems of Sidney Keyes to the early numbers of *Horizon*, and (since the same is naturally true of painting) from Moore's shelter sketches to Sutherland's romantic landscapes in the manner of Palmer. By "war literature," then, we imply not only a record of life under arms but a hankering after peace, the *mal qui fut sans nuages* as well as the *juin poignardé*, we mean both participation and withdrawal, both violence and complete stillness. In Denton Welch's journals the war hardly gets a look in at all, except when it breaks fantastically in on his quiet life and then assumes a certain surrealist charm for him: all the same it is a war book. Churchyards are all the more evocative when doodlebugs may fall on them, empty village streets all the more melancholy when soldiers may at any time march through them. True, there had been pioneer Betjemanites long before Denton Welch put pen to paper, but they cut too little ice in the rationalist Thirties. You needed world disaster to make unmolested Baptist chapels poignant.

Denton Welch tried to cut war out of his life because he knew he had no role to play in it. So he picked the only grapes that had not turned sour on him: the Kentish countryside and the past. These gave him a soothing but treacherous sense of continuity. He longed for pillboxes to be swallowed up by weeds, he loved dilapidated Gothic churches, tombstones overgrown with ivy, anything old that was not too harmonious, anything that had to be unearthed by patient search, then brooded over. He had the sharp eye of a little animal nosing its way through the grass, seeing only the blade of grass in front of him, never the field, but each green spear with piercing clarity. The journal is a series of such sharp moments but these moments are never grafted together to form a view of life. His destination remains obscure. He must have chosen the journal and the short story as vehicles for communication precisely because they were best adapted to recording these separate precise images, rather than a coherent pattern of life; and the task he set himself was to preserve intact the vitality of each visual experience, in spite of having to translate the experience into words that threatened to destroy it. This limited task, in pages of marvellous prose, he achieved.

This was a Pre-Raphaelite attitude, this absorption in the past, this miniature claustrophobic world of glittering images, these unconnected points in time. And mid-Victorian also were so many sides of Denton Welch's personality: his melancholy eroticism, his loneliness, his brooding over the macabre. One has only to open almost at random any volume of Kilvert or Mark Rutherford to come across passages of description of foliage, fruit, snowdrops—anything small, fleeting or half-concealed that is going to die—to be struck by resemblances to this journal. Kilvert in particular felt the same nostalgia for the past, the same melancholy appreciation of ruins and battered churches, the same love-dread of emotional entanglements, the same thrill, poisoned at once by fear of sexual failure, at a chance encounter, the same love-horror of decay and death.

> Just at the door was a lame woman behind a table heaped with apples, marrows, chrysanthemums, wheat and roses. I could see her surgical boot under the heap of fruits and flowers . . . perhaps [her glasses] gave me the notion that she was playing at being a schoolmistress . . . beating the fat bottoms of the marrows, pulling the shaggy gypsy hair of the chrysanthemums, slapping the already tingling cheeks of the apples . . .

This is Denton Welch, not Kilvert.

In the case of Denton Welch, it was the accident in early youth, and illness throughout his short adult life, that intensified his pessimism. He harked back to the only time when he was not ill, as a boy in China: this is why childhood was the subject of almost all his stories. And judging by this journal which he kept during the last six years of his life, he never stopped playing at being a child, racing about on his bicycle when not too ill to move, re-creating for himself a dream-world of health, a Cocteau childhood in a Kentish cottage, complete with Victorian doll's-house and "treasures" which the *enfants terribles* would have coveted. "Wicked" is the operative word for the treasures: the "wicked crystal spikes" and the Empire "bit of nonsense." He had to die before middle-age, he was not the type that grew up. It is absurd to call him, even at the age of 32, Mr. Welch, he is still Denton.

The constant references throughout the journal to frail old ladies, robust youths, jewelry, "playing hostess" at meals and pretty tea-cups, are indications of his deeply feminine nature. He had a quick eye for a rival. When he met someone who reminded him too painfully of himself, he could be catty, as women can about women. One wonders what cruelty the tempting dots . . . in the published version of the journal must conceal. At the same time, as one would expect, he searched in others for qualities opposite to his own, for strong healthy bodies, rippling muscles, combined with a certain boorishness. He wanted men to be antagonists, not brothers, least of all motherly—or rather to treat him with a mixture of callousness and solicitude, as Dr. Farley did. But the least hint of too much kindness on the part of others might upset him. He was always on his guard against becoming involved. Perhaps he was afraid experience would soil his innocence: this would account for his solitary habits, and his capacity to be content to observe, and yearn for, others without intimacy—until the arrival of "Eric," when other considerations, among them the pressing need to be looked after, outweighed his self-mistrust, and he resigned himself to sharing his life.

BENEDICT NICOLSON

MY PATIENTS WERE ZULUS

JAMES B. McCORD

"He tells his exciting story in an excellent book."

NANCY SPAIN—Daily Express

"His extraordinary problems and his achievements are the material of a satisfying success story, told with the authority of deep conviction and yet with an attractively humorous diffidence." *Sunday Times*

16/- net

PROGRESS OR THE PASHAS?

R. B. Williams-Thompson

An up-to-the-minute survey of Middle East problems, by the author of "The Palestine Problem."

10/6 net

FREDERICK MULLER

VARIETIES OF RAILWAY EXPERIENCE

The Railway Book. Edited by STUART LEGG. *Hart-Davis.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Lines of Character. By L. T. C. ROLT AND P. B. WHITEHOUSE. *Constable.* 21*s.*

The study of railways has something in common with the study of theology a generation or so ago and books about railways have grown from a trickle to a flood. The country clergyman now pursues the history of some local branch line as urgently as his predecessor prepared his commentary on Origen. The methodistical enthusiast of yesterday is the railway enthusiast of today.

Railway enthusiasm is marked by sharply defined characteristics. It is scholastic, preoccupied with date, dimension and, in humbler fields, locomotive numbers and names. The vision of the enthusiast is bounded by two parallel lines of steel. He leaves the economic and social side of railways in the outer darkness. The more obscure the railway, the more attractive does the railway enthusiast find it. There are several books on the narrow-gauge railways of North Wales. The Corris, The Vale of Rheidol and The Welshpool and Llanfair (to mention only three minor railways out of dozens) have one book each. But there are no proper histories of The Great Central, The Great Eastern, or The South-Eastern and Chatham railways.

Mr. Legg cuts across the prevailing fashion. His aim is "to capture something of the tang and flavour of the writing produced by the impact of railways on affairs and literature." His book is interpretative. He looks at railways through contemporary eyes, for the book contains only a page or two of Mr. Legg himself in an introduction and in one or two notes. The rest consists of sequences of quotations, ranging from Arthur Hugh Clough to Mr. Stephen Spender, and from Engels to the Duke of Wellington, each in its separate way cogent, amusing or dramatic. At the humblest measure, it is a bedside book of the highest order. But it is more than this, for Stuart Legg has gone further than the mere assembly of quotations. He has fitted them into a carefully conceived framework. One quotation succeeds another with logic and direction. *The Railway Book* seeks to combine into one comprehensive statement the multiple relations between people and railways over a hundred and fifty years. It has been edited in the full sense of that word. In the process Mr. Legg has applied an *expertise* drawn from another field altogether—film production, where he has excelled in the assembly of disparate images to form a coherent and revealing whole.

If the enthusiast is often scholastic and detail-bound, perhaps Mr. Legg has not been bound down sufficiently by detail. More notes would have been welcome, and in some cases he seems to have avoided original sources. The opening piece of the book, a quotation from *The Western Mail* about the first steam locomotive to run on rails, is obviously not contemporary, and one wonders why he missed the picturesque references in *The Cambrian* for February 24th, 1804. There must be better accounts of the railway races of the Nineties than that by Roger Fulford in *The Listener* of August, 1951. The sonnet by Tennyson's brother, Charles Tennyson Turner, on the railway viaduct at Barmouth would have embellished the section headed "Poet's Corner." Surely Mr. Hamilton Ellis, the most graceful of modern railway enthusiasts, deserves a piece? However, any critic of an anthology is bound to complain that some of his favourite works have been omitted. *The Railway Book* is not only most agreeable reading for everyone, but perhaps marks the beginning of a new kind of history or, at least, a new way of using historical source material.

Messrs. Rolt and Whitehouse are authentic members of the railway congregation. For them, the reason why Irish operating conditions appeal "most strongly to the railway enthusiast is that a low train mileage and the need for economy mean a longer life for locomotives and rolling stock and therefore a much lower replacement rate." They

H. E. BATES

The Face of England

A discriminating essay on rural England by one of the finest writers on our countryside. Illustrated by 40 outstanding photographs in colour.

Book Society Recommendation 21s.

ENGLISH MYTHS AND TRADITIONS

Henry Bett

"Dr. Bett has given folklore lovers a valuable sequel to *English Legends* . . . two delightful volumes."—*Times Literary Supplement*

Illustrated by Michael Ayrton

12s. 6d.

WELSH COUNTRY CHARACTERS

D. Parry-Jones

Delightful sketches of the Welsh rural life that is passing away. "Very well done, thoroughly authentic. The author's feeling for the countryside has an almost mystical intensity."—Howard Spring in *Country Life*

15s.

SCOTLAND OF THE SAINTS

D. D. C. Pochin Mould

A fascinating combination of history and archæology, this book describes the early Celtic church and its surviving memorials to-day.

With 51 illustrations 21s.

THE CHANGING WILD LIFE OF BRITAIN

H. L. Edlin

Mr. Edlin's new book deals with the absorbing subject of the effect of mankind on the flora and fauna of Britain. The 117 illustrations include colour plates, reproductions of Bewick woodcuts and remarkable photographs of wild life.

21s.

BYZANTINE MOSAICS

Introduction by Peter Meyer

Those who visited the exhibition of Ravenna Mosaics will want this new *Iris* volume in which are reproduced some of the finest Italian mosaics at Venice, Torcello, Palermo, Monreale and Cefalu.

30s.

BATSFORD

Books for an Elizabethan Christmas

THE YOUNG QUEEN *Godfrey Winn*
75,000 copies already printed of his famous life of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. Royally Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

THE SATURDAY BOOK *edited by John Hadfield*
A remarkable galaxy of talent. "The Saturday Book has assumed the importance of Christmas Pantomime in our hearts." NANCY SPAIN. (*Daily Express*) 21s.

VIOLET TREFUSIS *Don't Look Round*
"One of the best books of memoirs that has appeared lately . . . every reader will enjoy this book." SIR OSBERT SITWELL. *Decorated by Philippe Jullian.* 16s.

LEWIS BROAD *The Innocence of Edith Thompson*
"A remarkable document." (*Star*). "I completely agree with the author." BEVERLEY BAXTER (*Evg. Standard*) 12s. 6d.

VALENTINO *Alan Arnold*
A book that is at once the story of a magic personality and a survey of a curiously exotic era. *Illustrated*, 12s. 6d.

STEPHEN WILLIAMS *In the Opera House*
The author of the famous B.B.C. talks "I'll Always Remember," writes his "opera-biography." *Illustrated*, 16s.

NOEL COWARD *Collected Sketches and Lyrics*
A wise, witty and wicked collection, just the thing for Christmas Parties—contains *Mad Dogs and Englishmen.* 7s. 6d.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS *The Hidden Hand*
The master-craftsman returns to his beloved Dartmoor for this, his latest and most moving story. 10s. 6d.

DORIS LESLIE *That Enchantress*
Her best-selling novel based on the life of Abigail Hill. "These dry bones live." JOHN CONNELL (*Evg. News*) 12s. 6d.

DENNIS WHEATLEY *Worlds far from Here*
A mystery omnibus containing three full length novels: *They Found Atlantis, The Man who missed the War, Uncharted Seas.* 1,150 pages. 17s. 6d.

NAOMI JACOB *The Gollantz Saga*
A magnificent omnibus containing *The Founder of the House, Young Emmanuel, That Wild Lie.* 1,100 pages. 15s.

B. MONTAGU SCOTT *The Road Back*
A much-welcomed sequel to *Look to Beyond* continues the story of Matt Rob and how he found salvation in the most unexpected way. An ideal gift for favourite friends. 10s. 6d.

Published by

Hutchinson

who wish you a Merry Christmas

look to the past or to the primitive for their pleasures, and record that

> we can still climb the Hill of Howth in or on a swaying Great Northern electric tram, travelling over chaired permanent way keyed on the inside after the old fashion of that company. And, further afield, the Great Northern [of Ireland] still offers the railway antiquarian another much rarer delight in the shape of the single horse tram . . . from Fintona Junction to Fintona Town.

Lines of Character is unlikely to mean a great deal to anyone save the initiated, with a nostalgic passion for The Somerset and Dorset Joint, The Stratford-on-Avon and Midland Junction, The Weston, Clevedon and Portishead, The Shropshire and Montgomeryshire, The Londonderry and Lough Swilly, and half a hundred others. The reviewer, if not a priest, is at least a deacon of the movement, and read it from cover to cover—twice.

ARTHUR ELTON

CORRUPTION OF A COLLECTOR

The Family Affairs of Sir Thomas Phillipps. By A. N. L. MUNBY. *Cambridge.* 15*s.*

The pious middle classes consider gambling to be a vice, the sport of debauched aristocrats and of the worthless lower orders; but they smile upon collecting as an innocent pastime. Is it? Mr. Munby throws light on this question by taking time off from his bibliographical studies on the library and papers of Sir Thomas Phillipps to write the life of this greatest of all collectors of manuscripts, and the story which he tells must make the most fervent bibliophile shudder. It is a Cautionary Tale.

Phillipps caught the fever at Oxford, where he soon ran into debt, and where he read law for three years without discovering that there were any lectures. Neither of these two achievements are unusual or peculiarly reprehensible, and when he determines to marry for love a General's daughter against the wishes of his father he seems to merit our sympathy, especially as old Phillipps refused on the grounds that she possessed too small a dowry. But his father knew vice when he saw it. For though on his death the son married her, was made a baronet through the General's influence and seemed destined for happiness, yet debt, duns, distraints, quarrels with lawyers, agents, his father-in-law, and his wife swiftly followed. "At this stage," writes Mr. Munby, "Phillipps was not yet spending almost his entire annual income on books and manuscripts," but this was to come; and his wife, driven to shameful economies and to Berne, took to the bottle and expired.

Phillipps was determined not to repeat his mistake. "Do you know of any lady with £50,000 who wants a husband? I am for sale at that price," he asked a friend in 1833. Seventeen times he bargained for a spouse, seventeen times he met with failure. Eventually he was reduced to marrying the daughter of a rector, out of whose pocket he screwed £3,000 and a dress allowance of £50 p.a. Meanwhile he had struck up a book-collecting friendship with the young J. O. Halliwell, already an F.R.S. and later to be famous as a Shakespearean scholar. When Halliwell proposed to Phillipps's eldest daughter the friendship foundered as the suitor was impecunious, and the debt-ridden father unable to make a settlement. Phillipps's wrath, extreme when the pair married against his will, became white hot when Halliwell was accused (rightly, as it now appears) of stealing manuscripts from Trinity College and selling them to the British Museum. From that moment the Baronet did his utmost to destroy the man whom his daughter had married, and who—horror upon horror—would inherit his entailed property. He felled the timber surrounding his house, moved to another and deliberately left the estate to moulder and decay; and pursued his son-in-law so viciously, attempting to get Halliwell expelled from every learned society, that he was described as one "in whom spite and dotage struggled for the mastery."

For a time he lived happily enough with his second wife, but when in middle age she became a permanent invalid and was ordered abroad for her health, Phillipps refused to meet the expense and sent her to Torquay, where she lived in abject poverty continually begging him to aid her. "Oh, if you would not set your heart so much on your *books*, making them an Idol, how thankful I should be!" she wrote. He replied:

> I must desire you not to send me any more of your sermons. You are evidently fallen into bad company at Torquay, for you were never so absurd before. You have been associating with the Puseyite parson. . . . Never interfere with the happiness of other people. I make no Idol of my Books more than *you* do of *your Hymn* books. Therefore writ no more to me in such a strain. . . .

He died calmly, without fear or struggle, drinking champagne. "John considers his deathbed by no means without hope," wrote his long-suffering daughter; and since her brother-in-law, John, was a clergyman, such expert opinion no doubt comforted the family. Certainly Phillipps's zeal for castigating the Roman Catholics, which expressed itself in a torrent of pamphlets beseeching Protestants to recognise that belief in Transubstantiation turned men into cannibals, was ardent enough; and if that may be taken as a guide in such matters, it presumably earned him a place among the Elect.

Mr. Munby has added a gem to the jewel case of English eccentrics. He possesses the humour, the restraint and the taste to let the documents tell the tale, and is generous in his praise of Phillipps's family for sustaining each other against their father's attempts to make them quarrel. The book enchants because the material is splendid and the discretion at once ironic and dispassionate. The Baronet's life, he admits, is lamentable; but then we should look at his library. Bibliophiles should therefore avert their eyes from this volume of the *Phillipps Studies*, but their wives should at once buy the book against the day when their husbands blue the housekeeping money by adding to their collection a copy of a book which they already possess on the grounds that not only is it 7 mm. higher, but has a dropped letter in the half-title.

NOEL ANNAN

Better Books

booksellers

of Charing Cross Road

DEATH OF AN ARTIST

Sergei M. Eisenstein. By MARIE SETON. *Bodley Head.* 35*s.*

In 553 pages there is room for everything. Here the public controversy which attached to almost all Eisenstein did and didn't, looms large, as do also those terminological corridors in which, one may think, the professor of film-making tended to obscure himself. He is an awkward subject, even for the biographer who loves him, and Miss Seton does, literally: at one point, with a furnished flat waiting, they almost married. Explanation, vindication, discourse of one sort and another, make impossible a Life that shall grip or beguile easily from the first page or even the first chapter. Miss Seton's begins dispersedly, fondly, so that the reader is tempted to leave off. I did, for a fortnight, but resuming, found a steadily growing fascination. The documentation stirs, the gramophones soften, Eisenstein comes to life. In the end he has conquered us, and his death—struggling out of bed to answer a friend's knock, he lay dead for hours before he was discovered—afflicts us personally, like that of Chekhov. We may not altogether understand him, this hitherto somewhat remote, bizarre personality, but we feel that we have come to know him.

He is revealed as a man with sealed passions, an implacable talent. The two often go together. An early check to his free development was given by his mother who left him when he was twelve: afterwards she came back to plague him, and his emotional life was divided between warding her off, and trying to break out of the prison thus created. With women he was a man in an iron lung; several loved him, but, while enjoying the terms of sentimental friendship, he could neither marry them nor take them carelessly or secretly. At one period, during the making of *Que Viva Mexico!*, he seems to have inclined to homosexuality; once at least he consulted an analyst; his predicament he understood well enough, without being able to remedy it. All this, it might be argued, added fuel to his energy, which was amazing, but it also encouraged a hard artifice and divagations into theory. The enormous promise of *Potemkin* was never really fulfilled; it remains the masterpiece of an artist who—whatever the appearances—had not too little but too much heart.

His loneliness, as revealed by this biographer, was frightful. He lived, for the most part of his life, in a bare room with a table, a chair, and a stool. He read enormously, learnt Japanese, spoke four languages, worshipped Leonardo, traced a pre-history of cinema back to Homer. He projected innumerable personalities. Chief of these were the Second Leonardo, the clown (his clothes no less than his baldness suited this), the professor; but there were others, the unvisitable bear, the stern colleague, even the "husband." He was a materialist, and had leanings towards mysticism. For a long while a milk separator (which featured in *The General Line*) appeared to him as the Grail. Detective stories with their mysteries offered "tracings" of a higher Mystery. No wonder that, sincere as was his devotion to the Revolution, he fled from Russia to America, hoping to find there the freedom to create as he wished.

It turned out quite otherwise. Hollywood engaged him, and refused every plan: he got the backing of Mr. Upton Sinclair to make a film of Mexico, overstayed time, overspent money, and was recalled with the film almost completed, but no longer his even to assemble and cut. The tragic story has been told many times. Miss Seton is scrupulously fair to the Sinclairs, but their blame in the matter grows unforgivable. There seems no doubt now that the successful conclusion of *Que Viva Mexico!* would not only

ANNAPURNA

by MAURICE HERZOG

'Among the finest adventure stories of 1952.' DAILY MAIL

Lavishly illustrated, 15s

The

'CAINE' MUTINY

by HERMAN WOUK

'Exceedingly well done, amusing, ironic, intelligent and quite intensely gripping as a story.' PUNCH

15s

The

OLD MAN and the SEA

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

'His imagination has never displayed itself more powerfully than in this simple and tragic story.'

Edwin Muir in the OBSERVER

7s 6d

A

MANY-SPLENDOURED THING

by HAN SUYIN

'An utterance of gratitude for the gift of human experience.'

Edmund Blunden in the BOOKMAN

New Edition introduced by the Right Hon. Malcolm MacDonald.

15s

A

KING RELUCTANT

by VAUGHAN WILKINS

'Vaughan Wilkins is rapidly becoming the Stanley Weyman of our day, and A KING RELUCTANT has all the ingredients that go to a rattling good historical novel.' OBSERVER

12s 6d

A

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

by BEVERLEY NICHOLS

'One of the best things the author has written.' TIME AND TIDE

12s 6d

All prices are net

JONATHAN CAPE

Donne's Divine Poems

Edited by HELEN GARDNER. 25*s. net*

The Letters of Samuel Johnson

With the Genuine Letters of Mrs Thrale to Him

Edited by R. W. CHAPMAN

Three volumes: £6 6*s. net*

The Poetical Works of John Milton

Volume I. PARADISE LOST

Edited by HELEN DARBISHIRE

(Oxford English Texts)

30*s. net*

The Concise Oxford Atlas

96 maps, coloured politically, and a Gazetteer containing over 30,000 names. 18*s.* 6*d. net*

The Earlier Tudors 1485-1558

by J. D. MACKIE. 25*s. net*

(Oxford History of England)

Movable Feasts

by ARNOLD PALMER

Illustrated. 16*s. net*

An enquiry into the meal habits of our ancestors

Roosevelt and the New Deal

by D. W. BROGAN. 16*s. net*

'. . . a tale of fascination and rare courage' *Glasgow Herald*

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Our Exploits at West Poley

by THOMAS HARDY

Illustrated by LYNTON LAMB

9*s.* 6*d. net*

The Blackbird in the Lilac

Verses for Children

by JAMES REEVES

Illustrated by EDWARD ARDIZZONE. 9*s.* 6*d. net*

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

have presented the cinema with a masterpiece far richer than *Potemkin*, but that Eisenstein would have found in it that release of his gifts for which his nature had been shrieking out.

Cheated by one master, he returned to the iron will and favouritisms of another. He still had great plans: Comrade Shumyatsky squashed them. Comrade Shumyatsky was himself squashed afterwards, but not before he had silenced Eisenstein, and another as bad had taken his place. Eisenstein was driven to the wildest dreams (one was the "intellectual film," an interpretation of Marxism), to extravagant researches in the arts and in theory. His successes, the peaks of favour rising out of disfavour, were *Alexander Nevsky* and *Ivan the Terrible, Part I*; and they are successes wrung from an artist who had to create or die. Their constriction was obvious enough when we knew little of the individual behind them; this book makes the anguish plain. Eisenstein had it in him to make films far more beautiful, spontaneous, co-ordinated, and loving than any that have come down to us. Perhaps he encountered no more than the opposition that meets every original artist, especially the film-maker who must work in fortunes. The struggle in his case is tragic because he had strength enough to persist, however maimed. *Que Viva Mexico!* echoes down through his later years like some unforgettable death; while he worked in a rigid frenzy, or taught in an academy, or muddled a way through aesthetics, this burned at the back of his mind. The cinema has never deserved its true artists, and Eisenstein it murdered.

G. W. STONIER

Decorative Printed Maps of the 15th to 18th Centuries (Staples, 73*s.* 6*d.*), a revised edition of [illegible] Humphreys's *Old Decorative Maps and Charts*, has 22 new illustrations and an entirely new text by R. A. Skelton, who describes the processes by which these early maps were drawn, decorated, produced and published. The *Concise Oxford Atlas* (Oxford, 18*s.* 6*d.*) is based on the Oxford Atlas published last year.

Check list

ILLYRIAN VENTURE
The true story of the British Military Mission to enemy-occupied Albania by Brigadier Edmund 'Trotsky' Davies. *Illustrated* 18s

ESCAPE TO NOWHERE
Driver Jones' gripping experiences show a private's war at its most exciting. 12s 6d

THE ART OF BEING A PARENT
By Amabel Williams Ellis. "Admirably wise, warm-hearted and lively" ECONOMIST. 8s 6d

How to make a SUCCESS OF YOUR MARRIAGE
Dr. Eustace Chesser gives invaluable advice designed for the 'man and woman in the street'. 6s

SERGEI M. EISENSTEIN
Marie Seton's definitive biography of the great Russian film director. *Illustrated* 35s

THE LITTLE FELLOW
The life story of the man who created the Charlie Legend by Peter Cotes and Thelma Niklaus. 15s

THE BODLEY HEAD

SPORUS

The Memoirs of Lord Hervey. Edited by ROMNEY SEDGWICK. *William Kimber.* 25*s.*

The French have no great biographies, we have no great memoirs. There is only one Boswell and only one Saint-Simon. Hervey comes nearest the Frenchman in subject and composition, yet what a difference in scale there is between their two works! The one has the breadth, the amplitude, the grandeur of Versailles; the other is as close and cramped as St. James's. Hervey lacks the echoes, the scrollwork of the master. His book is as lonely as his last years—a shaft of light in the surrounding darkness of Walpole's England. Saint-Simon is the true aristocrat, jealous of his caste, consumed by thoughts of precedence and bastardy. His titles tie him to Charlemagne. Hervey the *parvenu* goes his own feline way, picking his steps delicately through the royal closets and ante-rooms. A smaller man in every way, his aims less certain, his hatreds less corrosive. Contrast his account of Walpole's advancement with Saint-Simon's famous description of the Bed of Justice, at which the pretensions of Louis XIV's illegitimates are at last put down. The one is voicing the satisfaction of an intelligent placeman, the other giving vent to a lifetime of brooding on revenge.

Yet of the two courtier-psychologists, Hervey is the nicer examiner. He knew his central characters far more intimately. Saint-Simon's relations with the Sun King were close but feudal: he held the royal shirt, lit the royal candlestick, attended the King's Mass and the King's Supper. He could but observe, scrutinise, and conjecture. Hervey lived *en famille* with George II and Queen Caroline and the princesses. He was a lightning-conductor for their moods and caprices, their transports, their outbursts of egoism and malice.

> "A pretty fellow for a friend," said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. "Pray what is it that charms you in him?" "His pretty limping gait?" (and here he acted the Bishop's lameness) or "his nasty stinking breath?—plaugh!—or his silly laugh, when he grins in your face for nothing and shows his nasty rotten teeth? Or is it his great honesty that charms your Lordship? . . . Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury, for this book, I hear, was written long ago. Or was it that he would not wish losing a shilling a year more while there was nothing better to be got than what he had? My lord, I'm very sorry you choose your friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy, a very dull fellow, and a great rascal for your friend."

For ten years Hervey carried candles and set chairs for the King and his family. He won the Queen's confidence, the King's indifference, Walpole's trust and Princess Caroline's devotion. Outside the Court, he was less successful. Pope lampooned him, Pulteney abused him, the Prince of Wales detested him, Chesterfield remained serenely unaware of his stinging privately-written comments. Sporus (Nero's pathic), Lord Fanny, a "delicate hermaphrodite", Mr. Fainlove, the Pretty Master-Miss—these were just a few of his enemies' soubriquets. He was hated and reviled as an ambitious, effeminate court intriguer, a vizier and a eunuch combined. And indeed, Hervey was ambitious, yet all his intrigues and calculated devotion did him little good. The Queen's death upset his plans, and though, at his own shrill insistence, he was made Lord Privy Seal in 1740, he was thrown out with Walpole two years later. The Duke of Newcastle hated him and no one else cared to employ him.

There are a number of mysteries connected with Hervey's life—mysteries which the bowdlerizing editorship of his friend's descendant, Lord Ilchester, has only contrived to increase. Though his relationship with Stephen Fox can be guessed at, we can form no clear idea of the nature of his friendship and subsequent rupture with Frederick, Prince of Wales. Was it ambition or merely his *penchant* for young men that caused him to cultivate the man of whom he wrote to Fox: "That fool plagues my heart out. He is as false as he is silly." It hardly matters, since we have the Memoirs—now admirably abridged from the great edition of Mr. Romney Sedgwick. Hervey veiled his own personality from posterity, but he magnificently embalmed the circle around him. His sinewy, conversational prose with its terse antitheses is the ideal instrument for truthful malice. Here they all are, the boastful, mock-lecherous King, parading his mistresses and prating of military glory, the intelligent, long-suffering, quick-tempered Queen, the spiteful Princess Royal and the plain, lonely younger daughters. Here is Sir Robert with his "dirty mouth and great belly," capping Horatian tags when affairs go well; here is Newcastle "picking his nose, his ears, and every other nasty thing that belonged to him." Politics are of a barnyard fierceness; "a whole race of Chetwynds" can be "turned out in a lump" in an afternoon. A world of tumbled death-beds and grisly lyings-in, of small-pox, dropsy and gout, of decaying members and soiled linen, the world of Swift's Corinna.

Hervey's own end was after the fashion of the life he depicted so brilliantly. He had never been strong, and disease and political disappointment aged him rapidly. The graceful doll-like courtier who had praised Stephen Fox as his "*vera et sola voluptas*," became a painted and withered deaths-head. "The last stages of an infirm life are filthy roads," he burst out to Lady Mary Wortley, shortly before his death at the age of forty-six. In the eighteenth century's gallery of grinning skulls, Hervey is not the least horrible emblem of mortality.

JOHN RAYMOND

REALMS OF GOLD

Chilean Scrapbook. By STEPHEN CLISSOLD. *Cresset Press.* 25*s.*

Two against the Amazon. By JOHN BROWN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16*s.*

Dust on my Shoes. By PETER PINNEY. *Angus & Robertson.* 18*s.*

Highway Forty. By ALAN MCCULLOCH. *Angus & Robertson.* 21*s.*

Venice: the Lion and Peacock. By LAURENCE SCARFE. *Robert Hale.* 25*s.*

Less than a hundred years ago, when the British Minister in Bolivia attended an official function without his family, a seemingly discourteous act, the Bolivian President had him tied to a *burro*, facing the tail, and paraded thus through the streets. The news reached London. "Where on earth," asked an indignant Palmerston, "is Bolivia?" The South American continent, for most readers, has still the fascination of unfamiliarity: Chimborazo, Cotopaxi and shining Popocatapetl still have their magic hour. Mr. Clissold's *Chilean Scrapbook* captures the imagination from the start, with its tale of the lost mine of Huasicima—no Inca legend of buried treasure, but a history more or less documented from 1870, when a Peruvian miner returned, many times, from the desert, carrying stones rich in silver. Twenty years after his death two workmen, taking a short cut across the desert, stumbled on his old workings, but could never find the spot again. A mining clerk, benighted by fog, threw into his saddle bag as souvenirs two of the stones he had piled for a pillow—and discovered later that they were of almost pure silver. In 1902 one Miguel Hernandez came across the mysterious mine in broad daylight, and set up elaborate landmarks, which he could never re-discover. Another tantalising clue was a photograph of Hernandez's landmarks taken by a Frenchman and identified by chance years later. And still, somewhere in the region of 20° 05' south by 70° west, the silver mine of Huasicima is waiting to be found.

Mr. Clissold traverses the country from north to south, from Arica (where there is an iron church constructed by Eiffel) and Iquique (which once consumed more champagne a head than any other city), down to Tierra del Fuego (whence came the three Indians, christened Fuegia Basket, York Minster and Jemmy Button, who, after suitable instruction at Walthamstow and presentation at Court, returned to their homeland

Recommended by The Book Society

THE MAN WHISTLER

HESKETH PEARSON

'Such a personality has proved a sitting bird to so practised a hand as Mr. Pearson . . . His shrewd sense of character has enabled him to understand the Master's real nature.'
—Observer

Illustrated 18s.

●

PRINTER TO THE HOUSE

The Story of Hansard

J. C. TREWIN and E. M. KING

With a Foreword by The Speaker

'The story of Hansard from the days of Luke who came to London from Norwich with a single guinea in his pocket, to the present day. The subject matter is—it could not be otherwise—enthralling' *Daily Telegraph.*

Illustrated 22s. 6d.

THE POETRY OF FRANCE

from André Chénier to Pierre Emmanuel

An Anthology, with Introduction and Notes by

ALAN M. BOASE

This very full selection of poems is preceded by an important introduction by Professor Boase which provides not only a critical account of 19th and 20th century French poetry but also an essay on the reading of French verse. 16s. 6d.

ENGLISH POETRY

The Main Currents from Chaucer to the Present

DOUGLAS BUSH

A critical sketch intended as a refresher for the general reader. It discusses the major and minor poets and shows the continuity of English poetry as an art. *A Home Study Book* 7s. 6d.

The Arden Shakespeare

KING LEAR

Edited by KENNETH MUIR

A newly revised volume of the re-edited Arden edition of Shakespeare's plays, based on the original Arden edition edited by W. J. Craig in 1901. Professor Muir has contributed a new long introduction, and has revised and added much new material to the notes. 18s.

METHUEN

the Bible through new eyes

THE REVISED STANDARD VERSION of the Holy Bible presents a modern and accurate version of the Holy Scriptures. By using newly discovered manuscripts — some of them more than one thousand years older than those available to the translators of the Authorised and Revised Versions — the compilers of the RSV have corrected many mistranslations.

★

The English language has changed greatly since 1611, when the Authorised Version was made. The RSV substitutes the living language of today, without losing the grandeur of the old text. But such obsolete terms as *conversation* for *conduct*, *wealth* for *well-being*, and *allege* for *prove* have been abandoned.

★

Thirty-two scholars, working under the chairmanship of Dean Luther A. Weigle, Dean Emeritus of Yale University Divinity School, have collaborated for fifteen years to make the RSV. It will enable you to see your Bible afresh through new eyes.

RSV

The Revised Standard Version of the HOLY BIBLE

THE NEWEST BIBLE FROM THE OLDEST SOURCES

Cloth 30s *Rexine 37s 6d*

prospectus from the publishers at Parkside Works Edinburgh 9 or 3 Henrietta Street London WC2

THE RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND OF THE BIBLE
J. M. Schofield MA BD *Illustrated 15s*

PEAKE'S COMMENTARY ON THE BIBLE
over 1,000 pages 25s

THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF THE BIBLE
J. M. Schofield MA BD *Illustrated 15s*

NELSON

BELL BOOKS *for Christmas*

this famous dictionary can now be bought freely everywhere for the first time since the war

WEBSTER'S New Collegiate DICTIONARY

★ A most elegant handy-sized dictionary of impeccable scholarship and encyclopaedic in the fullness of its definitions. *125,000 entries. 1,348 pages. Illustrated. Synopsis. Pronunciation. 30s. net.*

The Sky and Its Mysteries *by* E. AGAR BEET, F.R.A.S.

★ A first-rate introduction to astronomy, going further and having a more practical approach than is usual in 'popular' books. *Illustrated. 15s. net.*

How to Identify Persian Rugs *by* C. J. D. MAY

Profusely illustrated guide to the identification and appraisal of Persian, Turkish, Caucasian, Central Asian rugs. *16s. net.*

Introduction to English Folklore *by* VIOLET ALFORD

★ A fascinating account of village festivals and customs throughout the country, folk plays, songs and tales—and magic. *Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.*

Grass Beyond the Mountains *by* R. P. HOBSON

If you like horses and real-life pioneering in remote wild country you will enjoy this racy, well-written book with its British Columbia background. *12s. 6d. net.*

Chess from Morphy to Botwinnik *by* IMRE KÖNIG *18/6 net*

500 Master Games of Chess *by* TARTAKOWER and DUMONT

★ Greatest chess book of our time. 1. Open Games, *22/6 net.* 2. Semi-open and Closed Games, *27/6 net.*

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

The Young Field Naturalist's Guide *by* MAXWELL KNIGHT

Concerned with scores of practical subjects such as making plaster casts of animal tracks, etc. *Illus. 10s. 6d. net*

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

as singularly unsuccessful missionaries). Bernardo O'Higgins, the viceregal bastard who was packed off to London in the care of Spencer & Perkins, jewellers, but returned to become Director Supremo of an independent Chile, receives rather less space than his due as does the whole story of Chile's liberation from Spain.

Mr. Clissold has chosen, naturally, the most brightly coloured pages to paste into his scrap-book. We read of La Quintrala, who, when a miraculous image turned its eyes on her *décolleté* in wrathful rebuke, simply ordered her servants to remove it with the words, "I won't have any man making long faces at me in my own house"; and of the Enchanted City with sparkling domes and gates of beaten gold, an Inca Kitezh whose latest citizen is rumoured to be Adolf Hitler.

The writer relates other people's adventures in a pleasantly informative way. John Brown tells his own with a disagreeable "no nonsense" sort of approach. *Two against the Amazon*, with its dust-cover of canoes and rafts, and its promise of "the story of the sensational discovery of the Amazon's true source," is disappointing. One keeps waiting for the climax, the big discovery, only to find that it has all happened already way back in Chapter Five and one has hardly noticed it! "Weary of catching the 13 bus to work each morning," Mr. Brown left England.

> After being in Italy two or three times, I feel I have seen all the churches and cathedrals that I can take for some time. . . . Music is an art I feel I can do without, having heard so much of it in recent years that I feel I have had a quota sufficient to last my lifetime.

His scientific observations were doubtless important, but his general ones are of this class: "If the critics (of bullfighting) had to go without meat unless they killed their own they would soon forget their sensitivity." Behind this confused and ill-shaped narrative there is an interesting story, set in the mountains of Peru, but it is told in an uninteresting, often bad-tempered way.

Mr. Pinney (the blurb calls him a new Marco Polo) is a young Australian who walked and hitched from Salonika, through Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Pakistan and India, to Burma. One trusts his readers are not meant to credit the succession of misdeeds—theft, forgery, lying, seduction—which he claims to have committed en route. In a crude sort of way, *Dust on my Shoes* is interesting; and the walk through the head-hunting country of Burma is exciting. Mr. Alan McCulloch, another Australian, drove across *Highway Forty* from Los Angeles to New York, and has recounted his experiences, chiefly among artists' colonies, in a gay and competent book.

From adventure to tourism. Laurence Scarfe's *Venice* is illustrated profusely with stiff, awkward drawings of his own that have no breath of Venetian air in them. The text has paragraphs of Stokesese, "vignettes", and some embarrassing "reflections". Venice, it seems, went to Mr. Scarfe's head, to the detriment of his critical faculties. "The real Venice? Where and what is it? . . . Venice the spell binder . . . Venice is a hall of mirrors of the emotions." To see "Puccini's opera *Otello*" in the open air was indeed rare fortune.

ANDREW PORTER

WINES OF FRANCE

by ALEXIS LICHINE

This is a book for everyone who likes to drink wine—whether it be a fine bottle from his own cellar, or a glass with his meal in a restaurant. Mr. Lichine, himself owner of two vineyards in Bordeaux and one in Burgundy, and an exporter of repute, does not spend time on old and rare vintages, which are extremely costly if not completely unobtainable, but deals at length with all the wines of France which the wine-lover can both obtain and, as is so important nowadays, afford. He describes the wine districts vineyard by vineyard, the quality of their wines and vintages, and the variety of methods of viniculture and wine-making.

"Perhaps the best of the recent flood of books on the subject—with much practical information and little lyricism."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"*Wines of France* would make a good present. If possible a pre-Christmas present. Think how it would help with the Christmas dinner."

—*Daily Express.*

328 pp. Demy 8vo. 21s. net

CASSELL

PUCCINI

Puccini. By GEORGE R. MAREK. *Cassell.* 21*s.*

Immortal Bohemian: An Intimate Memoir of Giacomo Puccini. By DANTE DEL FIORENTINO. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two books, neither of which can claim the rank of a definitive biography, tell us, between them, all we need to know about Puccini as a man. Much of the portrait—the amorous temperament, the crude sense of fun, the charm, the underlying melancholy—we might have surmised from the operas; for in Puccini the congruity between man and musician is unusually close. For instance: why is the political background of *Tosca*, an important element in Sardou's plot, so dim in the opera as to be barely discernible? Partly because of the inevitable compression of the story for musical purposes, but also because Puccini was politically irresponsible. His behaviour during the 1914-1918 war was so lukewarm as to seem almost equivocal; it was one of the causes of his temporary estrangement from Toscanini. No wonder that Cavaradossi's hymn to liberty is a feeble thing in comparison with his amorous protestations.

Mr. Marek is a Viennese journalist now resident in America, where he writes for *Good Housekeeping*. His style is garrulous and undisciplined, but he has gone to much trouble to discover the truth, and his book is more fully documented than anything which has so far appeared. Father Dante del Fiorentino was the composer's neighbour and friend; in the course of his pleasant, gossipy memoir he discusses without disapproval, and indeed with a certain gusto, the numerous love affairs of his famous parishioner. From both books we receive the impression that these were never of more than passing significance. The Immortal Bohemian was a bourgeois at heart; he could never tear himself away from Elvira, his mistress from his twenty-sixth year and later his wife. He must often have longed to do so, for their life together was intensely quarrelsome: unable to participate in his artistic career, she was jealous of his social as well as of his amorous successes. Her jealousy of other women seemed to become more violent the less foundation it had; and it reached a tragic climax when she hounded out of the house a devoted 16-year-old servant-girl named Doria Manfredi, informing the entire village of Torre del Lago that she was guilty of immoral relations with her master. The demented girl poisoned herself and was shown by a post-mortem examination to be a virgin; her family thereupon took legal action against Signora Puccini, who was condemned to a heavy fine and five months' imprisonment—though on appeal, and on the payment of a larger sum in compensation, the Manfredi family withdrew the case. This terrible episode destroyed Puccini's peace of mind for many years, and may have been in part responsible for the decline in his creative powers (it happened while he was at work on *La Fanciulla del West*). Yet it led, in the long run, to a calmer and happier relationship with his wife; and the spectre of Doria was at last exorcised by her transfiguration into Liù, the pathetic slave-girl of *Turandot*.

From the musician's point of view the most valuable new material in Mr. Marek's biography is the correspondence with Giulio Ricordi, Puccini's publisher. Giulio was evidently a man of parts: a thorough musician (he used to compose under the *nom-de-plume* of Burgmein), an amusing letter-writer, something of a classical scholar, and something of a librettist, too. At every turn in the ceaseless wrangles over librettos he was Puccini's confidant, and his advice was nearly always sound. It is hardly too much to describe the three most famous operas as the product of a quadrumvirate: Giacosa, Illica, the composer and Giulio Ricordi. More than once Giulio solved some dilemma by the contribution of verses from his own pen, and he found for Puccini the French fife-and-drum melody used effectively in the second act of *La Bohème*. The composer's relations with Giulio's son, Tito, were never cordial, and at one time reached the stage of open breach; the retirement of Giulio and his death in 1912 were doubtless felt as additional blows of fate by this vacillating and diffident composer. Not until *Turandot* did he fully recover his strength; and by then it was too late. A cancer of the throat prevented him from finishing the opera which was to have been his masterpiece; and his career ended, characteristically, not with the triumphant love duet of Calaf and Turandot, but with the funeral cortège of Liù.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE CHILD AND THE ANIMAL

Sama. By RENÉ GUILLOT. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Wanderlust. By RICHARD ARMSTRONG. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Mister Jim. By RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Fedora the Donkey. By KATHLEEN FIDLER. *Lutterworth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

There are four main types of animal stories written for children—those with all animal characters, more or less naturalistically treated; those with all animal characters, anthropomorphised, having human speech and motive; those in which human and animal give each other mutual help or protection; and those about the human child reared by animals. Each of these types may overlap, and each in the hands of a skilful writer may influence deeply, besides being entertaining. The third and the fourth have the more obvious appeal; the significance of the last is shown by the fact that in ancient mythology such a child always becomes a hero, transcending man and animal by acquiring their dual wisdom; our increasing knowledge of the human unit seems to vindicate this myth. These tales appeal to the child deeply and in many ways; in his identification with the hero there is a simultaneous emancipation from human authority, escape into the world of spontaneous animal action; and, since the foster parents are usually at odds with humans, a sort of sublimated revenge against parental control. Though animals play a steadily lessening role in the life of civilised man, I think the animal story for children should still aim higher than pure entertainment, and perhaps the most important single quality which we should demand is *truth*, which can be carried into a later intellectual stage and re-applied with equal force.

I think that *Sama* is by far the best animal story for children that I have seen this autumn. It is the saga of a herd of elephants, and of one elephant through freedom and captivity, and it is clear that M. Guillot writes from an enormous surplus of knowledge. This is a beautiful book, and reads as faultless prose in its translation by

Recommended Reading

December 11th

Ladies' Chain

Neville Blackburne

Introduction by The Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry

The "chain" of lives that made possible the advance of women to their position in present-day society. Mr. Blackburne believes this advance originated in eighteenth-nineteenth-century England, and it is from this age that he has drawn his subjects. 21s.

Marjorie Lawrence's

Interrupted Melody

The life-story of the famous Australian-born prima donna who, at the height of her career, was stricken with infantile paralysis. The story of her fight to continue her career is one of remarkable courage and endeavour. 15s.

Yesterday Was Mine

Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi

Introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell

In this book of memoirs by a Roumanian Princess, fresh light is thrown upon the tragedy at Mayerling; she writes of Carmen Sylva, of Queen Marie and King Carol, and many other famous people of to-day and yesterday. 17s. 6d.

From

Candlelight to Flashlight

Filippo Ferraro

In this book by the famous restaurateur the reader is introduced to new and delightful dishes, exquisite wines, and to the many great personalities, and well-known leaders of Society who have befriended him. *Illustrated with photographs.* 12s. 6d.

Proust's Oriane

Princess Marthe Bibesco

Translated by Edward Marsh

A character-study, a portrait in words of the Comtesse de Chevigne, a woman in whom the genius of Marcel Proust found inspiration. 12s. 6d.

A Decorator's Notebook

Derek Patmore

This new volume by the recognised expert in the art of interior decoration deals exclusively with the author's own designs. Mr. Patmore is the author of two accepted classics in this art, DECORATION FOR THE SMALL HOME (15s.) and I DECORATE MY HOME (10s. 6d.). *16 half-tone plates, 4 in colour.* 12s. 6d.

How to Sing

Madeleine Mansion

"Essentially practical, this volume is the fruit of long experience; it is full of advice drawn from observation, advice to pupil and teacher alike." *Mercure de France.* 10s. 6d.

FALCON PRESS

Ready Shortly

SARA MENKES

The exciting story of a great dramatic soprano—a human and touching drama set against the colourful background of Italian opera.

WHEN THE CHEERS DIED DOWN

By

The Count of Torriggia.

On sale at leading booksellers and news-agents throughout the country, price 12s. 6d. (U.S.A. $1.80).

If your bookseller cannot supply, write direct to the publishers. Copies 13s. post paid.

ANGLO-ITALIAN PUBLICATION LTD.,
49, Hugh Street, London, S.W.1.

MACGIBBON & KEE BOOKS

Ulanova

And the Development of the Soviet Ballet

By BOGDANOV-BERESOVSKY

"A deeply moving study of an outstanding artist." *(Scotsman.)* "Can be read with pleasure and profit." Cyril Beaumont in foreword. *Illus.* 18s.

Memoirs of a Veterinary Surgeon

By REGINALD HANCOCK

"A wonderful pen-picture." *(Tail-Wagger Mag.)* "I read it with great delight." Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald. *Illus.* 15s.

Sea Elephant

By L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

"Lively writer and great naturalist." *(Observer.)* "Fine combination of natural history and adventure." *(John O'London.)* *Illus.* 15s.

June in Her Spring

By Colin MacInnes

"Such a good first novel gives hope of an important new arrival . . . tense and tangy." C. P. Snow. *(Sunday Times.)* 9s. 6d.

Rex Warner

His first two collections of Greek myths, **Men and Gods** (12s. 6d.) and **Greeks and Trojans** (15s.) are perfect gifts. *Both illustrated.*

MACGIBBON & KEE

Decoration and Furniture

Vol. I. The English Tradition

By **Bruce Allsopp.** Luxuriously produced. With four colour plates and 136 photographs. 75/- net.

"... the over-all effect of the book is stimulating. It is the work of someone who uses his eyes for beauty instead of for correcting dates." —JOHN BETJEMAN in *Time and Tide.*

Art and the Nature of Architecture

By **Bruce Allsopp.** Illustrated. 16/- net. "It is refreshing to read a book on aesthetics where the text is not clouded by a mist of fancy language . . . A really excellent book." —ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION JOURNAL.

The Complete Book of Pottery Making

By **John P. Kenny.** Profusely illustrated in colour and black-and-white. 30/- net. "It is efficient, easily readable, well-illustrated, breezy and very painstaking. It may become the 'Mrs. Beaton' of the potter's craft."—ART NEWS AND REVIEW.

Embroidery and Needlework

By **Gladys Windsor Fry.** Illustrated. 40/- net.

"This excellent book . . . a delightful possession for anyone who is a keen worker . . ." —EMBROIDERY.

Pitman's "Measure of the Ages" Series

Charles Dickens and Early Victorian England

By **R. J. Cruikshank.** Illustrated. 20/- net. "A richly detailed, richly illustrated survey . . . This is a book full of character and life." —SUNDAY TIMES.

Cicero and the Roman Republic

By **F. R. Cowell.** Illustrated. 20/- net. "The author's style is vigorous, unpretentious and authoritative...."—THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

Modern Chess Openings

(Griffith and White)

Eighth Edition edited and completely revised by Walter Korn. 25/- net.

"A new M.C.O.—for long in its own sphere unrivalled as a companion and guide—is necessarily a major chess event."—BRITISH CHESS MAGAZINE.

Chess for Beginners

By **I. A. Horowitz.** One of America's greatest players presents a clear, succinct guide to the game. The book will also prove helpful to average players who will find many valuable hints for quick improvement in their play. 18/- net.

Physical Gemmology

By **Sir James Walton.** *Illustrated.* 30/- net. "... this new book achieves a notable success in explaining the scientific facts behind the physical phenomena of gem materials."—JOURNAL OF GEMMOLOGY.

Key to the Names of British Plants

By **R. D. Macleod.** Arranged in dictionary form, this book classifies the names in three lists—scientific names, specific names and common names—and the meaning and origin of the names are given. A book for all interested in the structure of British trees and plants. 12/6 net.

The Scientific Adventure

Essays in the History and Philosophy of Science. By **Herbert Dingle.** 30/- net. "I cannot even begin to do justice in detail to the varied wealth of ideas and felicity of exposition in these essays."—SIR HENRY DALE, O.M., in *The Sunday Times.*

PITMAN BOOKS

Parker Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Gwen Marsh. It has dignity, it is often deeply moving, and, above all, it contains truth. There is, however, one passage which is definitely unsuitable for very young children. The story told on pages 112-114, of the queen of an African tribe who sacrifices her baby to save her people, must open in such a reader's mind a chasm of insecurity. Apart from this, it is difficult to praise the book too highly, and I should say that there should be no upper age limit of appreciation. The illustrations by Joan Kiddell-Monroe are not unworthy of this magnificent tale.

Wanderlust, the story of a monkey with a heart too big for his body, and his search for an Elysium ("a place where two and two *can* make five, where pigs *can* fly. In it lies the answer to every question that was ever asked, or ever will be") is a charming book—for some perhaps a little too charming—and it, too, contains both truth and a good deal of miscellaneous education. The country for which the monkey looks is given many names, "the-Field-of-the-Impossible," "the-Lonely-Field-of-the-Impossible," "the-Ultimate-Simplication"; and I feel that in the author's mind that field is childhood itself, though the child who reads the story may re-map it at will to contain his own dreams. Probably Mr. Armstrong is conscious of this, for in answer to the monkey's question "Where is it?" he receives the reply—

> "It is never in the same place for two people at the same time. As we go through life we often find that wall which cannot be climbed before us. And we turn aside—sometimes into difficulty, sometimes into danger, nearly always into sadness—when all we have to do is to go straight on and walk through it into happiness."

The book is friendly, imaginative, and well-written.

Mister Jim, the story of a grizzly bear, is on more traditional lines, and in places has much of the dignity which inspires *Sama*. But here again there are passages which would have been better left out; the selection and presentation of fact necessary in writing for children has not always been applied. This is a friendly grizzly; he has been reared by an Indian, and he is the hero of the story. So it seems to me wrong that the author's objectivity should show this hero in situations of purely animal brutality:

> The elk calf struggled up through the leaves almost under his feet. The calf was very young, it was still spotted. He had not smelled it, because at such an age it had no scent. He lifted a huge paw and smashed it down upon the calf. The calf bleated widely as it went down. His jaws closed over its neck and it stopped bleating.

A child requires simplification; to the child the bear's act is the act of a villain, and it must be difficult and even dangerous at that age to make it part of a hero's behaviour. This book shares with *Sama* the theme of mutual sympathy and understanding between an animal and one rare human, though the bear is treated more naturalistically and is not attributed with human speech or motive. The natural history is credible and well presented, the narrative compact and sensitively told.

Fedora is a happy little book about a holiday friendship between a small boy and a beach donkey. His discovery that the donkey can speak, and best of all that he is the only person to whom she will speak, is the foundation of their friendship and adventure. The book has more quality than the bare plot would suggest, and the dialogues between humans have an authenticity that is the result of all-too-rare observation.

All these children's books are free from literary vice, and are written with a certain imagination; each is above average of its type, but the palm goes to M. Guillot for a book that deserves to become a classic.

GAVIN MAXWELL

THE WONDERFUL NURSEMAID

Mary Poppins in the Park. By P. L. TRAVERS. *Peter Davies.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Borrowers. By MARY NORTON. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Bridal Gown. By DIANA ROSS. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Bold Heroes of Hungry Hill. By SEUMAS MACMANUS. *Dent.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Brogeen Follows the Magic Tune. By PATRICIA LYNCH. *Burke.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Marvellous Merlad. By JUDITH MASEFIELD. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Blackbird in the Lilac. By JAMES REEVES. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The privileges of magic are all too easily assumed by the children's writer: its penalties are all too easily overlooked. What are they? Suspicion and boredom in the reader, chiefly, as well as boredom and fatigue in the writer himself. The problem, of course, is to set a manageable limit to the resources of the supernatural, and a very exacting thing this is.

It is one of the distinctions of the *Mary Poppins* books, of which *Mary Poppins in the Park* is the fourth, that the author's discreet use of magic contains in its subject its natural reason and bounds. It describes the child's view of an all-powerful adult companion. Mary Poppins herself is a nursemaid to a family of five children; *not* one of those humble though cosy attendants whose charges grow away, but an independent haughty soul who (as earlier books reveal) appoints herself to the job, and leaves it when she will. Edwardian, middle-class, Barrie-ish in setting, these books explore the powerful servant-child relation, so much closer, often, in the servant-run household than that between child and parent. More than that, we are able to see Mary Poppins in two ways: as she appears to an adult—neat, solitary, prim, touchy, impenetrable, certainly not to be loved; and as she appears to the children—perfect, mysterious, proud; the image of authority, safety, and practical good sense; the mentor with splendid and magical gifts.

While it is best to begin with the earlier books, the last is a fair indication of the Mary Poppins quality. Here is the no-nonsense; and here, at the same time, the magic. Three fairy princelings come out of a book and join her charges in the Park. A child has the alarming experience of getting his wish. "You made a wish that you didn't mean? Wasn't that rather dangerous? . . . You must ask for *exactly* what you want, or you never know where they will land you!" Or, leaving their owners to follow, the shadows go off to dance at a Hallowe'en party. Adventure is possible because of the reassuring, rather cynical, figure that is always there at its heart.

The Victorian house, which engendered so many Victorian novels, is the source of *The Borrowers*—a remarkable book; really, a brilliant piece of invention. Perhaps a still better story is lost after the opening pages, when an old lady sits in her firelit room, and tells her strange tale to the child. It is an enchanting beginning.

> Now breakfast rooms are all right in the morning when the sun streams in on the toast and marmalade, but by afternoon they seem to vanish a little and to fill with a strange silvery light, their own twilight; there is a kind of sadness in them then, but as a child it was a sadness Kate liked. She would creep in to Mrs. May just before tea-time, and Mrs. May would teach her to crochet.

Homily, Pod and Arrietty were the names of the Borrowers. "Even their names were never quite right . . . with half an ear you could tell they were borrowed." These little creatures, only to be found now in old houses deep in the country where their borrowing would not be disturbed, created from odds and ends a parallel life to that of the humans who supplied them. The queer analogy of the two homes, the meeting of human and Borrower's child, the wit of the detail, and of the conclusion itself—all this leaves a disturbing impression that is not to be quickly dispelled.

Of the invented traditional fairy tale, *The Bridal Gown* is a good current example. These are charming and well-written stories, placed in that setting of forest and cottage and kingdom, where youngest sons flourish and goose-girls win princes; though they have some original notes.

> "Be here and there at the one time," said the Cat-headed Boy, "and, to be sure that you do so, bring me a coral flower from the Antipodes."
>
> The witch shook herself but stayed where she was, though her substance seemed to waver and grow confused like a reflection on water, and then in a moment shifted again and was sharp, and this time she held in her hand a coral flower.

What gives them away, all the same, is a sort of emotional colouring—a hint of symbolical virtue replacing the old theme of Luck. A remarkably neat, witty story called *Pug and the Tinker*, which any adult would appreciate, has somehow dropped into the collection.

The Bold Heroes of Hungry Hill are genuine folk tales of Ireland, taken down (we are told) from Gaelic traditional tellers. Their good humour strikes very pleasantly, for though we have met much the same stories in Grimm and in Lang, these have none of the sinister darkness of the northern versions. Here are the swans who are princes, land-sailing ships, swiftest of mares, mountains of crystal, giants no match for the hero, and terrible quests without number to pay off a forfeit or win a young princess for wife. And if you have luck you get three wishes from a white-bearded stranger, "sitting under a thorn bush, playing cards with himself, his right hand against his left." "No one expects a hen to accomplish great deeds," a fowl will say and proceed to a miracle or two.

What makes an Irish setting so convenient for the *invented* story is that fairies of the Irish sort can be put into a contemporary scene without apology, being still, as it were, a part of the daily landscape. Or so it seems from stories like *Brogeen Follows the Magic Tune*: I have not had occasion to test the matter myself. Brogeen is a leprechaun with a taste for human company. Sent from his home in "the high Fort of Sheen, where the Slieve Mish Mountains rise from the sea" to seek out a human fiddler who has stolen the Magic Tune, he puts off the business as if he were the Prince of Denmark, and takes a look at the rural world instead. Another lively piece of improvising is *The Marvellous Merlad*, about what I suppose we must call an (Irish) mermatron and her

THE BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDS

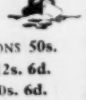
The Elizabethan Woman

A Panorama of English Womanhood 1540–1640

PROFESSOR CAMDEN considers nearly every aspect of Elizabethan Woman—her Manners, Morals, Work and Play as shown in writings of the time—in a scholarly, entertaining and luxurious volume which contains 52 beautiful illustrations from contemporary woodcuts and portraits.

Super Royal Octavo (7 × 9¼ins.) **30s.**

GOOD BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS



Captain Jan: HARTOG 15s.

The Alexandrian Library: PARSONS 50s.
Mr. Speaker, Sir: CAWTHORNE 12s. 6d.
Author by Profession: LEASOR 10s. 6d.
Bird Migrants: SIMMS 15s.
Vivarium Life: LEUTSCHER 15s.
Story of Animal Life: BURTON 2 vols. £3 3s.

Cleaver-Hume Press
42a South Audley St., London, W.1.

YOUR CHRISTMAS SELECTION

FOR BOYS OR GIRLS

BBC CHILDREN'S HOUR ANNUAL

Edited by May E. Jenkin

By arrangement with the B.B.C.

All Television and Radio Favourites in one lavish volume. *Each story or article specially written.* **Jallopy—Sam Pig — Mr. Turnip — Jennings — The Bell Family.** Delightfully illustrated in colour with photographs and line drawings. **9s 6d net**

BROGEEN FOLLOWS THE MAGIC TUNE **Patricia Lynch**

A book which is sure to catch the eye of Christmas Shoppers.—JOHN O'LONDON'S.
Illustrated by Peggy Fortnum. **10s 6d net**

TIGER MOUNTAIN **Angus MacVicar**

First serialised on the BBC Children's Hour, this brilliant adventure story takes the reader from the Highlands of Scotland to the wilds of South America.
Illustrated by Jack Matthew. **9s 6d net**

I, CAPTAIN ANSON
My Voyage Round the World
Retold by **Ronald Syme**

A story which cannot fail to enthrall the young.—THE QUEEN
Illustrated by William Stobbs. **10s 6d net**

BURKE, LONDON

Hubert Phillips

PARTY GAMES

"An ideal Christmas book by that prince of puzzlers"—*The Star.*
Illustrated by Pearl Falconer. 12/6 net.

Aubrey Noakes

THE WORLD OF HENRY ALKEN

A sporting history of Regency times.
Illustrated in colour. 16/- net.

P. A. D. Hollom (Editor)

THE POPULAR HANDBOOK OF BRITISH BIRDS

"The best bird book in the world at the price, the best single volume bird book in the world at any price."
—*Out of Doors and Countrygoer.*
132 plates in colour. 45/- net.

Jeffery Harrison

ESTUARY SAGA

Wildfowling on the Elbe Estuary.
Illustrated. 12/6 net.

WITHERBY

Third Large Impression in Four Weeks

HITLER

A STUDY IN TYRANNY

BY ALAN BULLOCK

Censor of St. Catherine's and formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford.

net 25s.

BOOK SOCIETY RECOMMENDATION

"With this book he puts himself in the front rank of contemporary historians . . . there is not a difficult or an unnecessary page."
A. J. P. Taylor, in the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN

". . . this impressive and well-written book will doubtless remain the standard life of Hitler for many years to come . . ."
Lindley Fraser, in THE SPECTATOR

". . . no book could be more timely than Alan Bullock's fascinating and frightening study . . ."
Vernon Bartlett, in the NEWS CHRONICLE

". . . has a consistency and a force of persuasion which stamps the book as a whole with real authority."
THE TIMES

ODHAMS

DOUBLEDAY

'How beautiful it would be for someone who could not read.'

G. K. Chesterton said this when he first saw Broadway, and John Foss said it about television and contemporary headlines. You too will be able to crib some dry wit from **TRY AND STOP ME** in which Bennett Cerf retails hundreds of apocryphal stories about the sayings and doings of the famous. This is our third reprint of the book, and in its new format is worth at least 2s. more than the 10s. 6d. we charge for it. Snap it up neighbours; money back if not satisfied and not too badly thumbed.

7

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATIONS

HONG KONG

By HAROLD INGRAMS

The first volume in a new series aimed at providing popular, authoritative accounts of British dependencies.

The author covers all aspects of the social and economic affairs of the Colony, the work and characteristics of its people, and shows how Western influence has affected their lives and habits.

Fully illustrated with 40 plates and 10 maps.
Price 27s. 6d. By post 28s. 2d.

HISTORY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR

(Published in conjunction with Longmans, Green & Co.)

Civil Industry and Trade

By E. L. HARGREAVES and M. M. GOWING

Compiled from official records this is primarily a study of Government control in wartime. The theme is three-fold and examines the commercial policy of imports and exports; the release of resources from civilian uses to war purposes; and the efforts made to maintain an adequate supply of essential goods to the civilian population.
Price 37s. 6d. By post 38s. 9d.

H.M. STATIONERY OFFICE

P.O. Box 569, London, S.E.1, and Sale Offices in London, Edinburgh, Manchester, Birmingham, Cardiff, Bristol and Belfast, or through any bookseller.

The Atom Story

J. G. FEINBERG
Foreword by *Prof.* Soddy, *F.R.S.*
Co-discoverer of Atomic Fission.
'Terrifying topicality, sombre warning.' *News Chronicle.* "Saga of atomic progress . . . terrifying, thrilling." *Man. Eve. Chron.*
Illustrated. 15s.

Child of the Ballet

ODETTE JOYEUX
'Wholly charming.' *Sunday Times.* 'Probably the most engaging ballet book of the year.' *Evening News.* 'An enthralling little book.' *News Chron.* *Illustrated.* 15s.

Fred Bason's 2nd Diary

Edited with an Introduction by
L. A. G. STRONG
'Cheek and Charm.' *Nancy Spain.* 'As refreshing to the jaded reader as a sparkling dose of liver salts after a thick night.'
Sunday Times. 9s. 6d.

Wake up and Die

DAVID CLAYTON *and* DAVID LANGDON
'A joyous book . . . chronicled with gusto and wisdom.' *Reynolds News.* 'Witty and useful.' *Daily Telegraph.* *Illustrated.* 8s. 6d.

WINGATE

CHRISTMAS,
the BOOKMAN & the PHOENIX

An old and true tale, with a happy ending, of one who, being a man of judgment, went to the *Phoenix* list for books to give his friends. The best of its Xmas 1952 offering is given below. His marked list he took very early to an honest book-seller and gave instructions as to which he was to dispatch direct, and which the bookman would read first. He and his circle were enchanted with the wisdom of his choices, and Bookman, friends, *Phoenix* (and the honest bookseller) lived happily ever after.

PEOPLE

LEWIS & MAUDE'S
Professional People
"Highly entertaining, extremely stimulating and full of fighting high spirits."—The Economist.
288 *pp.* 18*s net*

CLARENCE ELLIS'S
Hubert de Burgh
A Study in Constancy
224 *pp. text.* 8 *pp. plates. Frontispiece.* 25*s net*

CHARLES HARRIS'S
Death of a Barrow Boy
Book Society Recommendation. *A novel by the author of "Three Ha'pence to the Angel."* 12*s* 6*d net*

PLACES

H. P. CLUNN'S
The Face of London
656 *pp.* 208 *plates.* 7,000 *index entries.* 30*s net*

HUGH & PAULINE MASSINGHAM'S
The London Anthology
528 *pp.* Over 100 *plates.* 25*s net*

A. K. WICKHAM'S
Churches of Somerset
88 *pp. text.* 107 *pp. plates. Frontispiece. Limited Edition* 30*s net*

DANCERS

GORDON ANTHONY'S
Beryl Grey
A Picture Biography
104 *pp.* 40 *black & white & colour plates* 12*s* 6*d net*

MONK GIBBON'S
An Intruder at the Ballet
128 *pp.* 40 *plates. Frontispiece.* 21*s net*

FELICITY GRAY'S
Ballet for Beginners
Based on the TV series with 114 *demonstration photos. 2nd Imp.* 12*s* 6*d net*

'TEEN AGERS (12—16)

ARNOLD HASKELL'S
Going to the Ballet
16 *pp. plates. Frontispiece. 3rd Imp.* 8*s* 6*d net*

Will James's Book of Cowboy Stories
Illustrated by the Author. 10*s* 6*d net*

★

PHOENIX HOUSE Ltd. 38 William IV St. W.C.2

son, who *will* go to the land for adventure. The author has a real gift for comedy and its dialogue: these carry her over the obvious practical problems set by her theme.

New children's poetry of a tolerable sort is hard to come by; it is so apt to be soft in places, both in thought and in writing. Try reading aloud to a child what looks well enough on the page! And as for its subject—children, unless they are very unwholesome, can hardly be expected to feel mystical or sentimental about the state of childhood. James Reeves is one of the happier new nursery poets: his *Blackbird in the Lilac*, has, as well as its romantic and various verses, some of the most attractive of drawings (by Ardizzone) that any poet in this genre could wish for. The poems are not all winners, by any means; de la Mare is a recognisable ancestor in rather too many, I think. But starlight and toad-stools apart, there are fresh themes and metres; from the dancing one of *Pat's Fiddle*—

> Then out of the shadows
> And down the dark stairs
> Come the ghosts of bright ladies
> And tall cavaliers.
> Oh, see with what pleasure
> They step out the measure!

His heart is as gay as the colour she wears—to the conversation-piece entitled *Cows*:

> "Nice weather," said the brown cow.
> "Ah," said the white.
> "Grass is very tasty."
> "Grass is all right."

NAOMI LEWIS

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

The Story of Charles Dickens. By ELEANOR GRAHAM. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Story of George Stephenson. By JOHN THOMAS. *Oxford.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Builder and Dreamer: A Life of Brunel. By LAURENCE MEYNELL. *Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Odyssey of Homer. By BARBARA LEONIE PICARD. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Oxford Junior Encyclopædia. Vol. X: Law and Order. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Let's Look at the Sky. By MARIE NEURATH. *Parrish.* 6*s.*

The Wonder World of Animals. By MARIE NEURATH. *Parrish.* 6*s.*

A varnish of respectability, as thick as goose-gravy, tends to obscure the exuberant vitality of nineteenth-century England. But here, written for schoolboys of all ages, are three excellent books which reveal some of the efforts and achievements that convulsed and transformed that epic age. To boys familiar with the shaggy patriarch of Victorian portraiture it will come as a revelation that the official engineer of the world's first railway was 18, the man in charge of the Great Thames Tunnel was 19 (there was, to be sure, an eminent father in the background in both cases), and the writer who was to stir the emotions and social consciences of millions carried the matrix of his stories in his head before he was twelve. The familiar bearded portrait of Dickens confronts us on the dust-cover of Miss Graham's book. Within, we plunge into the rich squalor of pre-Victorian England. To a generation that may not know his works, this is a fascinating "success" story, from the beginnings in the blacking factory at six shillings a week to the distinguished prosperity of life at Gadshill Park with his nine children, the £50,000 made on a five-month American tour and, like Wordsworth, the devotion of a succession of female relatives. Miss Graham's admirably told story is illustrated by some of the original Phiz and Cruikshank drawings.

George Stephenson and Isambard Kingdom Brunel, starting geographically and socially at opposite ends "meshed Britain," in a network of railways and bridges. Stephenson was the son of a Tyneside mineworker. He never went to school and, until he was 40, never left the district. His first steam-engine puffed down the waggon-way in 1814. From then on, Mr. Thomas's story reads like the wildest thriller. Men were shot at during their enforced night-surveying, the House of Commons derided Stephenson and turned down his proposals. In 1829 came the "Battle of the Locomotive" when the Rocket, "canary-yellow with a long white chimney" triumphed over its rivals. The Duke of Wellington came up for the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester line. There was cannon-fire and music from three bands. The Prime Minister's carriage was "spectacular . . . its gilt pillars supported by a red canopy." There were seven new engines and 754 passengers. It sounds like an Emett dream. Then came disaster when the local member was "cut down by the churning wheels of the Comet. 'I have met my death,' he said quietly."

Brunel, Mr. Meynell tells us, had all the advantages of culture and education which Stephenson lacked. He planned spectacular engineering achievements on a colossal scale and the launching of his final leviathan, the *Great Eastern*, cost £120,000. Mr. Meynell's statistics and figures have a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ring. Both books have an attractive appearance. Mr. Thomas's straightforward narrative is enhanced by decorative illustrations by Serena Chance and an endpaper with a map of the Stockton-Darlington line. Mr. Meynell gives photographs of Brunel's bridges, diagrams of bridge building, and so on. I suggest that in a future edition he might revise the first chapter and omit some colloquialisms that will otherwise date his book.

Miss Barbara Leonie Picard's *Odyssey of Homer* is the story of the poem in its entirety, related in a manner suitable for children of about eight to twelve. It is a delightful book with clear print, pseudo-Greek illustrations by Kiddell-Monroe and a glossy endpaper of Homer's world in black and sky-blue. Miss Picard's prose is admirably simple, but she occasionally slips in a false poetic phrase such as "nigh on twenty" or "easy it is to say." (Ulysses's taunt to Polyphemus "Now indeed, wicked Cyclops, do you know what ills your cruelty to helpless strangers has brought to you" surely belongs to the *New Yorker* "Department of Things We Suspect Never Got Shouted.") But these are small defects.

For the older brother there is the tenth volume of the Oxford Junior Encyclopaedia, on Law and Order. The variety of subjects included is indicated by the four pictures on the dust-cover, a naval rating sending a semaphore message, the ceremony of the school roll-call at Harrow, the Lord Chancellor in his State robes and a Napoleonic cavalryman on a prancing charger—the Armed Forces, Education, Law, Justice and Government. Expert opinion assures me that it is comparatively free of the vice of propaganda, and that the articles, such as that on Proportional Representation, are well within the grasp of the intelligent fifth-former, for whom the series will probably be rather more useful than his senior in the sixth form.

Among children today, only the oppressed minority who are denied Radio Luxemburg and the reading of "comics" do not take inter-planetary communication for granted. Marie Neurath's *Let's Look at the Sky*, with its bright pictures and clear informative diagrams, is a necessary corrective to the lurid mechanical fantasies of "space-fiction." Pedantic young experts may challenge the authenticity of the colours of "If We Could Stand On The Moon," but for an earthbound parent this book is the perfect answer to all the questions asked every clear winter's night. A companion volume is Miss Neurath's *Wonder Book of Animals* also designed by Isotype. The fascinating captions such as "Smallest and Biggest," "Which Lives Longest," "Teeth That Fell Trees, Paws That Build Dams," make it, a junior critic writes, "suitable for children between five and nine if their mothers read it to them."

MARGARET READ

Books in General

It is twenty-one years since Arnold Bennett died: according to the law normally governing such things, his reputation should now be at its nadir. In fact, there has been little fluctuation of critical opinion on his work, and it seems unlikely there will be. The day he began *Imperial Palace*, in September, 1929, he wrote in his journal:

> Today I wrote three pages. 897 left to do! The thought is terrifying. And when I have finished it and corrected the manuscript and corrected the typescript and corrected the slip-proofs and corrected the page-proofs, and it is published, half the assessors and appraisers in Britain and America will say: "Why doesn't he give us another *Old Wives' Tale?*" I have written seventy or eighty books. But also I have written only four: *The Old Wives' Tale*, *The Card*, *Clayhanger* and *Riceyman Steps*. All the others are made a reproach to me because they are neither *The Old Wives' Tale*, nor *The Card*, nor *Clayhanger*, nor *Riceyman Steps*.

The knowledge, it is obvious, rankled. Yet he was only expressing the truth: Bennett's literary reputation rests on not more than four novels and, one would add, the *Journals*, of which the greater part has yet to be published. And certainly it wasn't his novels, magnificent as they are at their best, that imposed him so largely upon the consciousness of the public from about 1915 to 1930, for in those years he was a public figure in a way and of a kind no other English novelist has ever been, not even Dickens. That he was a first-class novelist had little to do with it; indeed, if he had been more consistently a first-class novelist it would have been impossible.

Fundamentally, the conquest was a triumph of character; it appeared—and it was to this that the public and the caricaturists responded—as the triumph of a "character," which is something very different; and side by side with the public Bennett we may set that other phenomenon of the Twenties, J. H. Thomas, for the careers of both represent in an exaggerated and therefore almost symbolic way the invasion and assumption of privilege by men of a lower social class. Neither was at pains to hide his origins; it was indeed impossible; both revelled in the occupation of the territory they had so successfully invaded—revelled in its customs, too. And just as in Mr. Nicolson's *King George V* we saw Thomas digging his sovereign in the ribs and telling him smutty stories, so in Mr. Pound's book we catch Bennett reacting to royalty no less typically though very differently.

> A distinguished London physician, still with us, had as his guest at the Garrick Club one evening a popular member of the Royal Family. Seeing Bennett dining alone, the host spoke to him, saying that he would like to present him to the Prince. Bennett's response to the courtesy was to draw his napkin across his mouth, turn and stare over the back of his chair at the waiting guest, call out with a casual wave of the hand: "Hullo!" and resume his meal.

To compare him with Thomas is merely to emphasise the element of the "Card" in Bennett. Its importance may easily be exaggerated, for it is probably an essential ingredient in the make-up of all self-made men who become public figures and rejoice, innocently enough, in having conquered worlds remote from their origins. Bennett's career in all its aspects was, as Mr. Pound's admirable book* brings out, a feat of character in the deepest sense; and this is why he is, in the last analysis, so moving a figure to contemplate.

Mr. Pound's findings do not lead one to revise one's previous conception of Bennett; but he has had access to Bennett's correspondence and to the unpublished journals, and a much more detailed picture emerges than any we have had before. Mr. Pound handles his material with skill, sympathy and tact, and his interpretation of it seems to me consistently right. His book is especially valuable for the light it throws on Bennett's early days and the family circumstances in which he was brought up. They were much less secure than one had imagined. His father was busily engaged in the precarious adventure of going up in the social and economic scale. After leaving school at twelve, he had been a potter, a school-teacher, a partner in a firm of potters that failed, and then a pawnbroker-draper before becoming a solicitor at the age of thirty-four. Bennett was always proud of his father's achievement, and rightly; but as the eldest child it was he who had to bear the brunt of it while it was being reached as he had to bear the brunt of his father's displeasure when he failed to conform to the elder Bennett's pattern. "Poor Arnold, I don't know what we're going to *do* with poor Arnold. He'll never get a *living*." And, Mr. Pound tells us, "his father gulped and gobbled in imitation of his son's crippled speech."

Bennett's childhood was doubly insecure. There was nothing like poverty, of course, and his schooling was adequate—it is surely one of the more fitting coincidences that the master who taught him at Burslem should later have taught Wells at Midhurst. But there was always the tension and precariousness attending the lower middle-class family on the make. And there was also a psychological insecurity. Its roots we do not know, but it manifested itself not only in the famous stammer but also in the neuralgia and insomnia that ravaged him all his life, and indeed in his very physical posture, which Mr. Pound so vividly describes:

> He carried himself rigidly, one shoulder a little higher than the other, and each moving stiffly as he walked, his chin held inward as if he had once received a blow there and had ever since gone about on his guard against another.

What is remarkable is that it is exactly out of these disabilities that he wrought the materials of the superb public performance he gave throughout his life, a performance, on the evidence of the *Journals*, as resolutely acted out in private too.

How he managed to do it becomes clear, I think, when we look at his conception of art and the artist. Mr. Pound shrewdly says: "The mainspring of Arnold Bennett's career was a desire to emulate, not an intention to excel"; and the novelists he desired to emulate were the nineteenth-century French realists. They gave him the suggestion of a way of life as well as an artistic credo. Wells, his lifelong friend and rival (for each seems to have seen the other as his pace-maker in the race for success), said of him in *Experiment in Autobiography*: "To have a mistress in France was, he felt, part of the ensemble of the literary artist." He duly had one; but that was almost the least of it. Just as Flaubert had seen in style a means whereby the vulgar and sordid present, in *Madame Bovery* and *L'Education Sentimentale*, could be given dignity and made bearable, so Bennett, one believes, applied a similar conception of style to his own personality and life.

In other words, his attitude to himself and to living was an aesthetic one. He believed—it comes out plainly in his little "manuals" *The Human Machine*, *Mental Efficiency* and the rest—in everything summed up in the horrid cliché "the art of living." In fact, living can never be an art; if it could, art itself would be unnecessary; but Bennett's was at least a gallant attempt. He lived, as fully as a man can, by the conscious exercise of will and of control over himself and his circumstances. By conscious will he refused to indulge in introspection and self-analysis; he sought to banish the fears that haunted him by determinedly turning his back on them. And what had begun as effort became habit. He elevated mere busyness—doing things for the sake of doing them, but doing them well—to the level of a mental hygiene. It has its heroic aspect as an expression of stoic dignity in the face of that view of life he announced in *Clayhanger*: "Injustice was a tremendous actuality!" But it made it less and less possible for him to remain in touch with the deepest sources of his genius.

And, as the years went on, though the will was not relaxed, the obsessional, as Mr. Pound notes, more and more gained on him: neuralgia made his face a mask; insomnia wracked him; as for writing, at times it seems that writing had simply become the means whereby he could fulfil his pledge to himself that he would write so many hundred thousand words each year. He achieved the success he planned, though it came to him comparatively late: he was forty-five when he wrote: "I received (less agent's commission) about £16,000 during the year, which may be called success by any wordly minded author. It is apparently about as much as I had earned during all the previous part of my life." It is significant that his financial success did not come from his novels but from his plays and his journalism. It cannot be said that he sold himself to the "bitch-goddess Success"; she claimed him all the same; and the last years of his life make painful reading, as one follows his struggle to maintain his earning-capacity in the face of illness, economic depression and an expensive family. In the end, one is forced to think he was fortunate to die when he did. His career as a public man was valuable: in the Ministry of Information during the first war, as a director of this journal from its early days, as a director of the Hammersmith Lyric, as the generous and eager sponsor of younger artists. His friends adored him. But all that counts now are the three or four novels, and the man himself. As a man, and as a type of man, he may prove of enduring interest; and on the man as distinct from his literary achievement Mr. Pound has written a very good book.

WALTER ALLEN

* *Arnold Bennett*. By REGINALD POUND. *Heinemann*. 21s.

THE LASKI LEGACY

The Dilemma of Our Times. By HAROLD J. LASKI. *Allen & Unwin.* 18s.

Harold Laski left the manuscript of this book uncompleted and unrevised. Since his untimely death in 1950 prevented him from preparing it for the press—a task now undertaken by Mr. R. T. Clark—it is not even certain what he intended to do with an essay that was originally designed as an appendix to *Faith, Reason and Civilisation*. It had already become a book of some two hundred and fifty pages; and though it is somewhat shapeless and the argument lacks a polished conclusion, parts of it are Laski at his best. It serves as yet another reminder of what the Labour Movement has lost by his death. For Harold Laski always tackled great issues as a consistent Socialist, concerned with long-term trends, and not as a mere empiricist finding snap solutions to pressing tactical problems.

At this moment, when it is fashionable to insist that the march of events and ideas has made "traditional" Socialism obsolete, and that the cold war has replaced the struggle against capitalism by a more immediate and dramatic world conflict, it is refreshing to read this re-affirmation of what the New Thinkers condescendingly call "Socialist first principles." From these pages, one realises again how much Harold Laski did to shape the outlook of the Labour rank-and-file. So much, indeed, that much of "New Thinking" is essentially an attempt to repudiate his ideological legacy to the Labour Movement.

Unlike the empiricists, Harold Laski saw contemporary politics in the perspective of history. This book is far from being an apologia for the Soviet Union. It is much more critical of Soviet and international Communism than was *Faith, Reason and Civilization* (which was written in 1943) and it lays responsibility for the Cold War as much on Moscow as on London and Washington. But it shows that the tension of the post-war years had not changed Laski's fundamental outlook. In his view, the struggle that is tearing our world apart, and threatening to end in the mutual destruction of the contending forces, is still essentially a class struggle, even though it takes perverted forms. Nothing could be more superficial and foolish, in his view, than to regard it as simply a conflict between "freedom" and "Red tyranny." Re-stating the analysis he had made in a series of books since *Democracy in Crisis*, Laski insists that the pattern of our age is set by the effort of decaying capitalism to defend itself against social revolution, whether it takes the form of Communism or of the nationalist upsurge which has virtually destroyed imperialism in Asia and is now threatening to overturn it in the Middle East and Africa. Western policy, he insisted many times, can only be judged against this background.

Much of this book, as of the earlier volume it was intended to supplement, is taken up with a discussion of the decline of capitalist culture and the repudiation of liberal values. There is a brilliant commentary on T. S. Eliot's *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*, which is as good as anything Harold Laski ever wrote. There is a similar dissection of the limitations of French existentialism—a "revolutionary romanticism" which offers no effective answer to the social problems of

> . . . . a dying bourgeois republic, a party system which breeds in an ever-increasing proportion of the population a distaste of and apathy towards politics, an economic structure which is rotten to the core and gives daily nourishment to the class-war, workers who strike for demands no government ought to refuse, and are then put down by the armed forces it can command, natives in the colonies who ought to be free to determine their own destiny . . . .

And there is a striking criticism of the "false consciousness" of G. E. Moore and Lord Keynes—the acceptance of a moral philosophy based upon unconscious assumptions—which Laski, still fundamentally a Marxist, argues "is itself a form of the dual morality which characterises so much of Communist behaviour."

Laski then turns back to the comparison between Soviet Communism and the early Christian Church, which was the core of his argument in *Faith, Reason and Civilization*. He traces again the parallels between the two kinds of proselyte, between the two revelations of the faith, between the transformation of each idea from a creed militant into *a respublica*, which insists that there is no salvation outside the Church or State. Such a comparison, of course, is not a mere exercise in historical ingenuity. Its purpose is to illuminate the course of Communism, to show the inner sources of its strength, and to urge the folly of seeking to destroy it either by a campaign of "liberation" spearheaded by the atom-bombers of the counter-revolution, or by physical "containment."

There is a great deal of common sense as well as real political insight in this book. From the brief summary that a review demands, it may seem that all of it is mere repetition of ideas and arguments we have all read before. This is far from true. But even if it were true, every Socialist should still read it as an example of *method*. For it shows how Harold Laski saw things whole, and was not stampeded by propaganda. One did not always agree with his practical politics, but at least they were founded on a knowledge of the facts and given meaning by a philosophy of history. That was what he sought to teach our Labour Movement, and this book, unhappily, was his last lesson. It is still needed.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

A CRITICAL MALAISE

The Complex Fate. By MARIUS BEWLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

The title of this book is explained in an epigraph, from Henry James. "It's a complex fate, being an American, and one of the responsibilities it entails is fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe." Not one of the master's subtler remarks: it is not being an American that is complex so much as worrying about it; and the number of people who do that is never likely to be great. But it does include most of the literary intelligentsia; and the American intelligentsia, more cut off from the national life than any other, has a curious tendency to attribute its anxieties to America at large. The America that likes Ike does not lose much sleep fighting against a superstitious valuation of Europe; but its dons and literary critics do; and this is a book of literary criticism.

It is one of the great virtues of modern American criticism that it has been able to deal with quasi-sociological questions of this kind—we can see it in the work of Edmund Wilson and Lionel Trilling. They both have the faculty of studying the classic literary expression of a typical malaise, and without deviating from their special critical job, throwing a good deal of diffused light on other things besides literature. For more than half this book Mr. Bewley is working, with great intelligence, in the same tradition. If you want to study the worry about being an American there is one surpassingly rich source of material; and Mr. Bewley's main series of connected studies is naturally about Henry James. One might think it had all been said by now, but any such fear is soon dispelled by the opening essays on James and Hawthorne. Mr. Bewley has had the admirable idea of tracing the particular flavour of James's Americanism in his debt to Hawthorne, the one American writer for whom James felt a warm admiration. Of course the influence has been noticed before, but Mr. Bewley makes much more of it. In a long, thoroughly developed comparison of *The Blithedale Romance* with *The Bostonians*, and *The Marble Faun* with *The Wings of the Dove*, he shows how closely James reproduces some of the Hawthornian characters and situations; and, by implication, how these types have become enduring obsessions of the cultivated American mind. In a summing-up on "The American Problem" he draws the appropriate morals. This is all done with great perception, considerable subtlety, and a dry subdued humour which only occasionally appears, but is very agreeable when it does. The theme of the pure American Dove whose wings fail her in the corrupted air of Europe has never been better dealt with; and it is just as well that the job should be done by an American critic.

The rest of the James studies—on *The Turn of the Screw* and *What Maisie Knew*—are a little less satisfactory. They are interspersed with rejoinders by Dr. Leavis. (These essays originally appeared in the pages of *Scrutiny*.) This international exchange is conducted on a note of exalted courtesy whose pure vibrations must have thrilled through the whole Atlantic community; but after a time the reader begins to feel that he is listening in to an involved private argument whose outcome does not in the end concern him as deeply as he could wish.

The remaining essays in the book should do something further to explain the American literary scene; but again they convey too strong an impression of being an account of someone else's family squabbles. They are on modern American poetry, Mencken and the American language, and Kenneth Burke as a critic. There may be circles where R. P. Blackmur's modification of Yvor Winters's estimate of the influence of Wallace Stevens's early poetry on his later poetry constitutes a major worry; but in the light of eternity

CONCISE BIBLE COMMENTARY

By

W. K. Lowther Clarke

- for everyone who reads the Bible
- by a distinguished scholar
- up to date
- easy to read and convenient for reference
- one volume of over 1,000 pages
- contains a commentary on the whole Bible and Apocrypha, and 28 articles on key subjects.

30s. net

S·P·C·K

Home grown Christmas Presents

The Countryman

a year's enjoyment for 10/-

A year's subscription to the crisp "country produce" packed between the green covers of The Countryman brings four 200-page thick magazines for the four seasons of a happy New Year. Articles, oddities, pictures, poetry, are contributed by country people. The Countryman is home grown indeed, with all that this implies of fresh and lively flavour. For all your circle who really love the country—from stockbroker to stock-breeder—order your Christmas subscriptions now.

WINTER NUMBER **just out**

2/6 a copy quarterly. 10/- a year to anywhere in the world, a greeting card included. Send orders to The Countryman, (Dept 9), 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4., or hand them to your Newsagent.

The

SUEZ CANAL

in World Affairs

By Hugh J. Schonfield

"A clear and concise account of the Canal and its development"—*The Times Educational Supplement.*

"Up to date, concise . . . readable and does not let the professional reader down"—*New Statesman.*

"Schonfield writes with competence and authority"—*John O'London's Weekly.*

Fully Illustrated. 15s.

In Preparation

A VILLAGE IN ANATOLIA

By Mahmut Makal

Translated from the Turkish by

Sir Wyndham Deedes

A mirror of life in Anatolia's more backward regions

CONSTELLATION BOOKS

BOOKS OF DISTINCTION

FOR CHRISTMAS

I beg you to read this remarkable book!

Harold Nicolson

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Christopher Burney *9s 6d net*

Pleasures of Life Series

Handsome series bound in Buckram, each illustrated with sixteen colour and monochrome plates. *Each 21s net*

CLOTHES **James Laver**

A stimulating guide to the pleasurable history of clothes. *21s net*

GARDENS **William Beach Thomas**

Is a delight to read, and will be a constant comfort to keep on one's shelves—THE SPHERE.

WOMEN **C. Willett Cunnington**

FOOD & DRINK **André Simon**

AGAIN AVAILABLE

THE OLD BAILEY AND ITS TRIALS *Bernard O'Donnell*

A vivid history — BRITANNIA AND EVE.

Eight monochrome plates. *12s 6d net*

BURKE — LONDON

KATHLEEN HALE

introduces

"Manda"

and her holiday in Ireland.

Fully illustrated in colour. 8s. 6d. net

For older children

Men and Discoveries in Electricity

By BRYAN MORGAN

A stimulating and persuasive retelling of the story of electricity. It uses the great discoverers Faraday, Thomson and Baird as the three main points in a fascinating history.

Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net

The Complete

Professor Challenger Stories

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

An omnibus volume containing *The Lost World, The Poison Belt, The Land of Mist, The Disintegration Machine* and *When the World Screamed.* 16s. net

JOHN MURRAY

André Gide

ET NUNC MANET IN TE

This volume contains the material, left out of *The Journals*, in which Gide tells of his relations with his wife. It has an introduction by JUSTIN O'BRIEN.

10s. 6d.

Gabriel Marcel

A MAN OF GOD AND OTHER PLAYS

The text of three plays, A MAN OF GOD, ARIADNE, and THE FUNERAL PYRE, already performed on the Third Programme, together with *The Drama of the Soul in Exile* the lecture given by Marcel at the Institut Français in 1950.

15s.

SECKER & WARBURG

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

• FOR BOOKS •

FOR ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOKS

All new Books available on day of publication. Secondhand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Subscriptions taken for British, American and Continental magazines; and we have a first-class Postal Library.

Foyles Gramophone Records Dept. for H.M.V, Columbia, Decca, and all other labels. Large stock of Long-Playing Records.

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

(Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road.)

The most attractive, authoritative and timely art book for years—

THE DUTCH MASTERS

Dutch painting of the seventeenth century has always been essentially popular art in the appeal of its subjects, as it was altogether delightful in its beauty as sheer painting. This same harmony of popular appeal and scholarly knowledge, of human interest and critical judgment, has been kept by Horace Shipp, one of our leading art critics, in this book introducing the Dutch Masters. The seventeen colour and twenty-four half-tone plates illustrating the book have been chosen almost entirely from fine private collections, and are thus not the more frequently reproduced works from the museums, though these are, naturally, dealt with in the substantial text.

Among the many artists whose work is reviewed are Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Vermeer, de Hooch, Hobbema, Gerard Dou, the Ruisdaels, and van Huysum.

The book is clearly and attractively printed in specially selected Bembo 14 pt. type, on antique wove paper. It is bound in high-quality green book cloth; gold blocked on side and spine. Page size is approximately 9in. × 7in. The five-colour dust jacket reproduces the frontispiece.

The volume consists of 128 pages of text, including a full index, seventeen full-colour illustrations, including frontispiece, and twenty-four pages of half-tone reproductions.

Only 25s. net.

Published to coincide with the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition 1952-53

Prospectus from

George Newnes Ltd., Tower House, Southampton Street, London W.C.2.

this is probably a little less important than Mr. Bewley seems to think. It is also a good deal less intelligible.

> The Most Merciful Capitan is so successfully a state of mind that he can be visualised only as the elegant sweeping flare in the brim of a quite irresistible hat—the sort of sombrero that rationalists would wear if they studied the ellipse of the half-moon.

Sentences like this are written for illuminati. And the essay on Kenneth Burke is badly infected with Burke's own inflated verbiage. However unpromising the theme, there is no need to write like this:

> Whether, theoretically, the symbolic Act of a poem, if educed and interpreted with great tact and discretion, yet always regarded as having significant existence for the literary critic *only* in the particular words themselves and nowhere else—whether or not such an Act would then be capable of bridging the gap in Burke's criticism between the deadening work of his principles operating within the verbal structure and the full vitality of the Symbolic Drama he conceives as overriding everything is a question that is answered by no practical examples in his volumes.

In the James-Hawthorne essays Mr. Bewley shows that he can write with lucidity and point; and it is a melancholy spectacle to see him swamped in a flood of coterie jargon. It perhaps has something to do with the complex fate of being an American. Outside the best-seller region, the literate American public is so small that many of its guides have developed, as a defensive reaction, a strange provincial scholasticism, whose only effect is to widen the breach between literature and the common reader. The critic's proper job is to keep the road open between literature and the world; not to put up barbed-wire entanglements behind which he can play his own complicated games of patience. It is also part of his job to achieve at least a decent clarity of exposition. The early essays in this book are so intelligent and full of meaning that the patches of dismal and pretentious gabble are disconcerting. One hopes that Mr. Bewley will manage to keep away from whatever it is that brings on these distressing attacks.

GRAHAM HOUGH

MR. TAYLOR RIDES AGAIN

Rumours of Wars. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

This is a brilliant book: almost every sentence crackles and there is often a whiff of fire and brimstone in the air. Mr. Taylor has collected various essays and reviews, which taken together cover most of the wars and rumours of wars which have dominated the last hundred years. Unlike most modern historians he stops not in the present but in the future. In his essay "Mr. 'X' Rides Again," he watches Mr. "X"—George Kennan—canter away into what has already proved to be unsafe territory. He is not content to explore Stalin's record; he tries to creep into Stalin's mind and to discover whether or not he is a statesman. More seriously, and unlike most of his fellow contemporary historians, he looks ahead into a new world, of which Europe is no longer the centre. He rightly does not speculate on what both our comfortable and our provocative versions of recent history will look like if and when the shifts of world power produce new collections of historical essays in new countries.

The nineteenth-century essays in this book include some of Mr. Taylor's best writing. There are two exceptions—the essays on the Prelude to Fashoda (1894-5) and British Policy in Morocco (1886-1902). These essays were originally written as articles for "learned journals" and they should not have been transplanted to the richer soil of this book. They are thick with facts and heavy with footnotes, but they never spring to life. With Mr. Taylor we can have either footnotes or fireworks but not both.

He is at his best in a superb essay on Napoleon III, who is depicted as a romantic emperor whose vague and intangible phrases vanished into air, "like the smoke of the cigarettes he was one of the first to favour." While Napoleon I had done great things, Napoleon III manufactured great phrases. He was the first political dictator to anticipate the art of modern advertising, to discover that "the name on the bottle is more important than the drink inside it". His Empire "claimed to be Wagner and turned out to be Offenbach."

The least satisfactory of Mr. Taylor's essays is that on the Crimean War, "the war that would not boil." Here, too, some of the sentences are unforgettable, but the thesis itself is stilted and artificial. Mr. Taylor, indeed, is more intent in this case on manufacturing phrases than on clarifying a particularly difficult problem in nineteenth-century history. "The Crimean War was the cold war in an earlier phase," he writes. This judgment, though backed with twenty historical parallels, does not take us very far, and the morals he draws from the story are really the preconceptions with which he begins.

It is ungrateful to complain of any course in the delightful feast of reading matter in this book. Mr. Taylor is one of the most individualistic historians in a country which, as he himself says, produces "not schools of historians, but only individual historians." He is individualistic, but surely in one respect typical. Can he not apply some of his own words to himself—"the English historian calls no man master. He works alone, following his own bent, thinking occasionally of the reader (though not often enough), but rarely of his colleagues and never of his critics"? The first and last phrases are more true than the middle ones. Mr. Taylor is as stimulating to his colleagues as he is to his readers.

The interest of this book to the general reader will spring not only from Mr. Taylor's subjects of his style, but from his value-judgments. Behind the crackling surface there is a generous radical humanism, which sometimes breaks out like lava from a volcano. He is sharp and critical, but never on any occasion lacking in humanity. He rebels equally strongly against "technical historians," who finally end by admiring nothing but technique, and "Whig historians," who have never heard of technique. He ends his book with a realistic rejection of Utopia, but characteristically he finds "a third way" between Utopianism and despair. "That is, to take the world as it is and to improve it, to have faith without a creed, hope without illusions, love without God." It is a curiously nineteenth-century statement, which might have been made in almost exactly the same terms by George Eliot, but it ends with a powerful twentieth-century deduction.

> The Western World is committed to the proposition that rational man will in the end prove stronger and more successful than irrational man. If the Western World abandons this proposition, it may conquer Communism, but it will destroy itself.

ASA BRIGGS

THE CLOAK AND DAGGER GUIDE

TO THRILLER FICTION RECENTLY PUBLISHED

TITLE AND AUTHOR	CRIME, PLACE AND SLEUTH	SUMMING UP	VERDICT
ELIZABETH ANTILL **Death on the Barrier Reef**	Insp. Ashton has a busman's holiday solving a murder on an exotic coral island.	Fascinating setting. Witty dialogue.	Excellent light reading.
FRANCES CRANE **Death in the Blue Hour**	A trip to Paris for Pat and Jean Abbott, turns into a murder investigation.	Smart, sophisticated detection.	First class.
GEORGE HARMON COXE **Inland Passage**	Mystery and death on an inland waterway trip from Miami to New York.	Authentic, suspenseful, exciting.	One of Coxe's best yet.
GUY CULLINGFORD **If Wishes Were Hearses**	Mysterious deaths in an East Anglian village. Are they accidents or murders?	Local colour exceptionally good.	Unusal. Well worth reading.
ELIZABETH DALY **And Dangerous to Know**	Henry Gamadge solves the murder of the daughter of a wealthy family.	Wry humour. Smooth, suave detection.	Specially recommended for finesse.
KATHLEEN MOORE KNIGHT **Dying Echo**	Violence and murder amongst ancient ruins in Mexico.	Exotic setting. Good plot. Authentic detail.	Definitely to be read at one sitting.
JOSEPH SHALLIT **Lady, Don't Die on my Doorstep**	Murder in a swimming pool. Victim: wealthy Peggy Clark. Sleuth: Dan Morrison.	A fast, salty, tough and realistic baffler.	Tops for humour and excitement.
JOAN STORM **Bitter Rubies**	A post-war ENSA company en route to Vienna, becomes involved in murder.	Good, expecially glimpses into backstage theatre.	Thoroughly entertaining.

Published by HAMMOND, HAMMOND & CO. LTD., 87 Gower Street, London, W.C.1.

NEW NOVELS

East of Eden. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Young Men Waiting. By CHAPMAN MORTIMER. *Cresset Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Man From Madura. By LESLIE GILLESPIE. *Boardman.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Boy Who Saw To-morrow. By IAN NIALL. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Like a school of stranded sea-elephants—long, slow and wet—the Great American Novels are also hard to tell apart. How like, for instance, is Mr. Steinbeck's latest offering to Mr. John Dos Passos's recent *Chosen Country*! The recipe is simple; it is to take one or two diverse families in different parts of the country, to put them into the American Melting Pot, and simmer. Mr. Steinbeck has followed this recipe closely. In *East of Eden* the Hamiltons, for instance, give the stew the necessary Irish flavour, while the Trask family perhaps represent the genuine home-bred beef. A less usual flavour is added by the soya

sauce of the Chinese philosopher-servant, Lee. This book is not, however, so deliberately "the American Story" as *Chosen Country* was; it purports to be a drama of good and evil, with evil represented by a girl called Cathy, who begins her career by burning down her parents' house with her parents in it, and carries it forward by combining brothel-keeping with further murders. Cathy represents direct evil; hers is a character with the good simply left out. Evil is supported by the rather bumbling kind of falseness of the eldest Trask, who, having played an exceedingly inconspicuous part in the Civil War, creates a legend of his prowess which he comes to believe in, and lives by swindling the veterans' organisation for which he works. Good, however, is represented by the barrelful in Adam Trask, Samuel Hamilton, and Lee, who, if Cathy is a kind of Satan of the Digests, are a kind of Trinity for Rotarians.

Is there any point in saying that this best-sellerish novel has the virtues of its type? Competently told, readable, occasionally forceful, it provides characters who are credible enough so long as one is actually reading about them. As a piece of American commercialism it is not offensive; but with literature it has only the most tenuous and accidental connection.

Young Men Waiting is a very different affair. A book of moods and perceptions, devious and tentative, with a good deal of action which somehow does not seem like action and a style which—uncommonly enough—suggests a positive interest in style; it makes no concessions to Philistinism. Coming to it on the rebound from Mr. Steinbeck, I began it with interest and sympathy. This little group of characters in the small Paris restaurant, these young artists of the mid-Twenties, with their mysterious names, Bull, Paco, Mario, "Lord Fanny"—what significance were they about to distil? Did they constitute a new *Party Going?*—a *Tarr* of the Fifties?

For me at any rate they did not. Their activities, their relationships, and their feelings, at first obscure, became even more obscure and, before long, merely tedious. Rather anxiously—since this continued to manifest itself as being in some way at least potentially a sympathetic book—I waited for the smouldering style to burst into poetry, or for the bang of meaning which would make sense of the whole thing. But the book ran its rather brief course without any such illumination or detonation.

Under a cover of blinding vulgarity *The Man from Madura* turns out not to be at all a vulgar novel, but instead a plain, unpretentious study of the English and of Eurasians in India, well-written, masculine, yet full of feeling. We are back in the war, but this is not a war-book; although there is some fighting we are concerned mostly with lines of communication, with all their boredom, their triviality, their racketeering, their preoccupation with sex and liquor. The man from Madura is Victor Raphael, a Eurasian whose ancestry is, because of his pigmentation, not frequently suspected. When we meet him he has been promoted from the ranks and acquired the D.S.O. and the M.M.; we see him rise to command his battalion and fall again to the unemployed clerk level. To offset Raphael's hatred of his background we have an Englishman in love with India and more particularly with an Indian girl. Briskly told, readable yet not slick, *The Man from Madura* reintroduces old acquaintances, painfully familiar, shabby figures, as new personalities, not less relevant because the British no longer take the old passage to India.

The Boy Who Saw To-morrow rests upon the idea expressed more or less literally in its title. Jimmie Marsel, son of the village carpenter, has his first vision—of a suicide—at the age of five, and the suicide duly takes place the following day. Later he foresees a fire, in circumstances which bring disaster for the family. For the rest the book is an essay on the theme of a prophet's being without honour in his own country. Mr. Niall indicates something of the confusion, the helplessness, the censoriousness and the fear of ignorant and simple people confronted with something beyond their understanding, and if he had aimed a little higher might perhaps have made something more of this theme. There is, for example, something more painful than funny in the efforts of the boy's uncle to make a "rocking-horse winner" of him, but although Mr. Niall realises this, he has not written the satirical tragedy implicit in his theme. His book remains an overgrown anecdote. J. D. SCOTT

A TRANSLATION AND SOME REPRINTS

Last year Peter Quennell reviewed in our columns the French original of *Et Nunc Manet in Te*, published in Neuchatel—the record of Gide's relations with his wife, as revealed in the passages deleted from his *Journals* and in the statement written after his wife's death. The book has now been translated and edited by Justin O'Brien, and appears as the latest volume in Secker & Warburg's edition of Gide (10s. 6d.).

A few suggestions for presents: the new edition of Harold Ingrams's splendid *Arabia and the Isles* (Murray, 25s.), with one entirely new section describing the only recorded journey by a European up the great Incense Road from Cana through Shabwa; Whipplesnaith's *Night Climbers of Cambridge*, with its remarkable photographs of human figures perched on or clinging to academic backgrounds (Chatto & Windus, 15s.); Gollancz's *Second Detection Omnibus*, with Sayers's *Whose Body?* Innes's *Weight of the Evidence*, and Crispin's *Holy Disorders*, all in one for 6s. 9d.; the charming *Wynne Diaries*, kept by two sisters during the Napoleonic wars, in a World's Classic (Oxford, 7s. 6d.); Shaw's Theatre Essays, *Plays and Players* (Oxford, 5s.); Jim Corbett's *Man-Eaters of Kumaon* (Oxford, 9s. 6d.), now with pictures, and splendid for strong-minded children; and, to be read with delight by persons of any age to the very young, Alice Coats's *Story of Horace* (Faber, 7s. 6d.).

Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought
General Editor: ERICH HELLER

A new series of critical monographs which combine exposition with interpretation, and aim at showing the creative achievement of each writer or thinker against the background of his time. "As promising as it is nicely produced."—*Time and Tide.* "Promises to be one of the most important series of monographs of our time."—*Higher Education Journal.*

Already published
UNAMUNO by Arturo Barea BAUDELAIRE by P. Mansell Jones
LORCA by Roy Campbell HOLDERLIN by L. S. Salzberger
RILKE by H. E. Holthusen PAUL VALERY by Elizabeth Sewell
BENEDETTO CROCE by Guido Ruggiero
Other titles in preparation. 6s. net each volume

The Disinherited Mind
ERICH HELLER
The eight essays on modern German literature and thought which comprise this book centre on Burckhardt, Goethe, Nietzsche, Spengler, Rilke, Kafka, and Karl Kraus. 15s. net

Leibnitz and the Seventeenth Century Revolution
R. W. MEYER
The first non-specialist study of Leibnitz to appear in English. Leibnitz's work is examined in relation to a perennial philosophy (to which Leibnitz himself subscribed) and in relation to the critical questions of his age—an age in many ways akin to our own. 25s. net

BOWES & BOWES · PUBLISHERS

EISENHOWER AND BRITAIN
R. Palme Dutt

ALSO

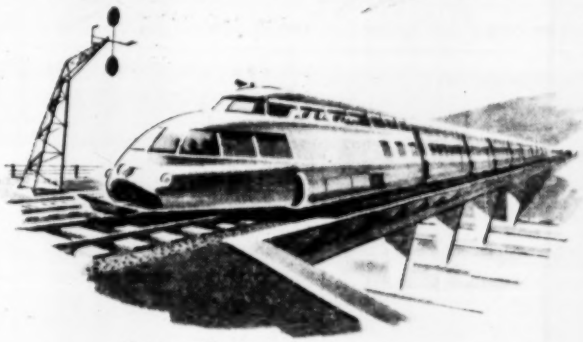
WHAT OF OUR INDEPENDENCE? (*D. N. Pritt, Q.C.*); **MEETING IN VIENNA** (*Ivor Montagu*); **THE MINERS' NEW FIGHT** (*A. Moffat*); **THE ROSENBERG CASE** (*Observer*); and **WHAT KENYATTA WROTE**

all in the December

LABOUR MONTHLY
(Founded 1921)

Order 1/6 all agents. Or postal sub. 18s. (19s. overseas)

from 134 BALLARDS LANE, LONDON, N.3.



A seat facing the future . . .

No trailing sparks, not a snort or a shriek as the 6.35 pulls out from Platform 3. The steam dragon has its rivals now in the shape of the gas-turbine and the diesel. In years to come. . . .

Who can say? In the future your seat may be facing an engine capable of hauling a 600-ton load from London to Plymouth, in dead silence, on an egg-cupful of fuel. Your very small talk may be of relative thermal efficiencies. . . .

And if you get there on time, in a third of the time, without hitch in your plans or smut on your collar, will you sigh for the lost romance of steam as you beckon your helicopticab? Or thank Progress for progressing, and TI for the very practical help which they habitually lend to the turning of dreams into reality?

TI's FIFTY-ONE FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD*

* Precision tubes—tubular components—wrought aluminium—bicycles—electrical equipment and appliances—high pressure cylinders—mechanical handling—metal sections—bus body skeletons—gland packings—tubular furniture—paints—road signs.

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED, THE ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C.2. TELEPHONE: TRAFALGAR 7633

Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK (DOMINION, COLONIAL AND OVERSEAS) IMPROVED RESULTS

The 27th Ordinary General Meeting of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas) will be held in London on Dec. 29.

The following are extracts from the circulated statement of the chairman, Mr. J. S. Crossley, for the year ended Sept. 30, 1952:—

You may think it surprising that our figures should have shown so little change during a year which has seen marked fluctuations in commodity prices, in interest rates, as well as in economic and political conditions in many of the territories in which we operate.

Our deposits at £441 million are about the same as last year notwithstanding the devalution in Israel. The cash ratio stands at 23 per cent, as against 22 per cent; the advances also at £148 million show little alteration. Our investment portfolio consists entirely of "dated" stocks, nearly 60 per cent. of them having to be finally redeemed within a ten-year period. Nevertheless, market values have fallen sharply during the past twelve months.

The results, as shown in the profit and loss account, are better than last year. We feel that they have amply justified the declaration of the old rate of dividend on the increased capital. It has been, on the whole, a year during which a high level of economic activity has been maintained throughout our territories, but I think we must expect some reduction in earnings next year. In certain directions there have already been signs of a slackening in activity, and the lower prices now ruling for the staple export products from many regions served by this Bank must have an effect on our figures.

If we cannot predict the future with any certainty, we can, nevertheless, draw conclusions from the past, and this is perhaps an opportune moment to consider the course of events during the seven years that have elapsed since the war. In only one year since the war have we 'paid our way', and during that period we have used up more than one-third of our 'cash', while our debts, which were already more than heavy enough, are now roughly half as big again.

OBSTACLES TO PROGRESS

The figures themselves suggest that only in quite fortuitous circumstances, when the tide happens to be running strongly in our favour, can we succeed in bringing our accounts into balance. If this is so, then we have not been on the road to recovery; on the contrary, we have been following a course which encroaches further each year upon our slender reserves.

It is the rigidity of our present high cost structure that lies, I believe, at the root of almost all our troubles. It is not merely that our control-ridden economy is inflexible, wasteful and quite unsuited to the more competitive conditions that are now emerging; it also induces a negative outlook.

Not only is large scale enterprise and initiative surrounded with obstacles, but the small man who wishes to work and make progress, even if he is not actively discouraged by his Union, finds a mass of controls and regulations barring his way. Under our present system it seems that the most efficient and progressive units must often be penalised. What is really required today is something to operate in exactly the opposite direction; something that would provide a bonus on enterprise and production, and end extravagance and frustration, the inevitable results of our present system.

FIRE No fear! If you buy or hire Pyrene Fire Appliances. You can cover all fire risks with the unique Pyrene Fire Extinguisher Hire Maintenance Plan. Full details from The Pyrene Company Ltd. (Dept. H.M.5) 9 Grosvenor Gardens London, S.W.1.

Reprints of novels include Anthony Powell's *Afternoon Men* (Heinemann, 12s 6d); Tennyson Jesse's *Tom Fool* (Evans, 10s. 6d.); R. H. Mottram's *Spanish Farm* (Chatto & Windus, 6s.); Stefan Zweig's *Beware of Pity* (Cassell, 10s. 6d.); Marcus Clarke's Australian convict novel, *For the Term of his Natural Life* (Oxford, 7s. 6d.); L. P. Hartley's early story, *Simonetta Perkins* (James Barrie, 8s. 6d.); and Richard Aldington's translation of *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, under the title *Dangerous Acquaintances* (Peter Owen, 18s.).

Standard works which have lately been reissued include the monumental *Dance and Drama in Bali* by Beryl de Zoete and Walter Spies (Faber, 63s.); Ernest Walker's *History of Music in England*, revised and enlarged by J. A. Westrup (Oxford, 35s.); G. P. Gooch's *History and Historians in the Nineteenth Century* (Longmans, 30s.); Vol. VI (1905-1914) of Elie Halévy's *History of the English People*, in two parts (Benn, 21s. each); Sarah Gertrude Millin's *Rhodes* (Chatto & Windus, 18s.); R. W. Chapman's edition of *Jane Austen's Letters*, now in one volume, with a newly discovered letter (Oxford, 42s.); Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, completely revised and enlarged (Cassell, 25s.).

There is a revised edition of Edmund Wilson's *The Wound and the Bow*, which includes his famous studies of Dickens and Kipling (W. H. Allen, 18s.); *Personæ* (Faber, 21s.) contains all Ezra Pound's earlier poems, including *Homage to Sextus Propertius* and a few uncollected poems, and occasional verses; his *Guide to Kulchur* has been reissued by Peter Owen (25s.). The new edition of *The Intimate Journals of Paul Gauguin* (Heinemann, 15s.) contains the Tahiti drawings of the first, limited, edition. F. Tennyson Jesse has rewritten her preface to *Murder and its Motives* (Harrap, 12s. 6d.) and revised her accounts of the six trials analysed in it.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,189

Set by Guy Walsingham

The Pope has decreed greater simplicity in Cardinals' robes. The red or purple soutane shall no longer have a tail, the purple soutane, cloak and *mozzetta* is to be of wool instead of watered silk, the *cappa magna*, or voluminous mantle worn by Cardinals over their soutane, is to have its train cut to half its present length of seven yards. Competitors are invited to comment on this new austerity in the manner of R. H. Barham (*Jackdaw of Rheims*), Ronald Firbank, G. K. Chesterton, or a Protestant historian of the future (school of Coulton). Entries by *Monday*, December 15.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,186

Set by Andrew Porter

According to Chinese protocol, the recipient of a poem addressed to him or her must answer with another in the same verse form. The usual prizes are offered for such a poem addressed by Mr. W. H. to Shakespeare, Anthea to Lovelace, the Captain or Colonel or Knight-at-Arms to Milton, Fanny Brawne to Keats, the Highland Reaper to Wordsworth, Margaret to Hopkins, the Shropshire Lad to Housman, the Remote and Ineffectual Don to Belloc, the Fat White Woman to Frances Cornford. Limit 16 lines.

Report by Andrew Porter

It was not enough for the Fat White Woman to retort simply: "Why do you rush whirl whizz speed flash tear through the fields by train?" I looked for real answers to Mrs. Cornford's question. They varied from the obvious (gathering nettles for soup, and so on) to the pathetic:

> Poor Jim, he don't know that I've got so fat,
> He liked to see me in gloves and hat. . . .
> Even *your* heart may feel a clutch
> When you know I am missing so much, so much.

"Haven't you heard of Lady Macbeth?" asked V. M. E. C., while L. E. J. sounded an even more sinister note: "Why did you never suspect my glands?" Most were indignant with the "pert young poet"; and Paul Drury submitted a complete set of *Stigma Variations*, from which I choose the

> Bot.-and-Biology-mistress at School!
> Not a *bit* hurt—just *amused!*

It did not matter if the Fat White Woman was not quite mistress of the triolet; and indeed I did not expect the Shropshire Lad or the Onlie Begetter to reply to their respective poets in verses as polished as those they had received. J. O. McBryde's Shropshire Lad caught an authentic Housmanesque note:

> We met the sad-eyed stranger
> Who looked upon the height
> And said—but love was heedless—
> "The storm will come to-night."
> Ah! stranger, you were right.

But Lakon's Shropshire Spiv was more life-like:

> That cherry orchard racket
> You put me on—it's poor.
> The Bredon bells were better.
> I flogged them. What's the score?
> The church roof lead fetched more.

Lovelace's Anthea should, of course, have read Althea, but I allowed those Antheas who bade "Herrick" be more careful in his addresses, and send valentines under his own name. There were two bright Highland Lasses. H. G. Taylor's opened with pleasing directness:

> Yes, I will tell you what I sing.
> The plaintive, Gaelic numbers flow
> To tell (in English rendering)
> How one man went to mow,
> Accompanied by his faithful hound,
> A vast expanse of meadow ground.
> Succeeding stanzas then record
> Assistants in a numerous horde.
> And that is why, perhaps, the song
> Appears as if it had no ending. . . .

First prize of two guineas to F. C. C., a guinea each to Pendexter, Silvia Tatham, Francis and Valentine (address please).

THE SHROPSHIRE LAD TO A. E. HOUSMAN

When you were proud and prim and sad
And deep in discontent,
I was the fair remembered lad
You happened to invent.

You walked with mincing steps, apart,
A petty man to see,
But still your adolescent heart
Was great and grim with me.

A Shropshire boy is more a lout
Than you, my scholar, painted,
And if I went and sought him out
We'd not become acquainted.

For oh, my like was never seen—
By Clun or Wenlock never—
But I was fed on hippocrene,
And I shall live for ever. F. C. C.

By vale and copse, by field and hedge,
From fair to market-place,
From Bredon Hill to Wenlock Edge
I've been your beast of chase!
You've clapped me into Shrewsbury Gaol
And slept me with the brave:
You've dragged me from my pot of ale
To dig my distant grave.

For me you've found six feet of ground
As soldier, drunk or dry,
Till there was never, I'll be bound,
So tired a lad as I.
You've haunted me and daunted me
On every road I've trod;
You've shipped me hence for thirteen-pence:
I've had enough, by God! PENDEXTER

THE SOLITARY REAPER TO WORDSWORTH

No wonder that ye could not tell
The words I sang while I was reaping,
For Sassenachs can only spell
Our lovely Gaelic weeping;
The bonny words are not for you,
Whether we sing of Bonnets blue,
Or mourn the passing of the Flowers;
The music and the words are ours.

PERSONAL

FOOTBALL and the Fine Arts. £3,000 prizes. Four classes: Paintings; Drawings and Water-Colours; Engravings and Lithographs; Sculptures. The subject to be a game of Association Football, in England or any scene connected with it (e.g., the changing room, spectators, a club ground or stadium, portraits of individual players). No limitation on the artist's style. The jury will consist of Sir Philip Hendy, Mr. Philip James, Sir Edward Marsh, Mr. Raymond Mortimer and Sir John Rothenstein. Write to the Football Association, 22 Lancaster Gate, W.2, for full particulars and entry form. Entry forms due December 31, 1952. Entries to be submitted by March 31, 1953.

SHARE Central London flat, rent-free in exchange some housework, etc., offered by young woman living alone. Suit part-time student, etc. Box 5483.

EFFICIENT yng. sec., wide exp., specialised knowl. music, shs. pt.-time post access. Enfield. Good speeds, refs. Box 4906.

RECORD your Xmas messages, 100-120 words 8s. Gift suggestions: recorded extracts of Indian Majlis and Gandhiji Celebrations, Chaim Weizmann Memorial Meeting. S.A.E.: Sound News Productions, 3 Clover Mews, London, S.W.3.

A PRESENT to write home about—and with! Writing becomes a sheer delight with the new Olivetti "Scribe" portable typewriter. As beautiful to look at as it is to use, with all the features of a full-size machine, the "Scribe" is precision built for a lifetime of service. Complete in attractive carrying case, it costs £29 10s. (no P.T.) and can be seen at typewriter dealers and the better stores. Alternatively, write for literature or call at British Olivetti's showrooms, 10 Berkeley Square, W.1, or 115 Kingsway, W.C.2.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Original designs (*6d.*–*2s. 3d.*) from The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gdns., London, W.8. Samples post free.

BOOKCASE specialists are Phoenix Gallery. We make no other furniture. Call at 38 William IV Street to see them or ask for bookcase leaflets M3.

YOUR "Self" can make saleable MSS. No Sales-No Fees tuition. Free N2 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success" from B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 17 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.1.

QUICKEN your French. Vocabulet cards, 7s. 6*d*. Florestan Company, 36, Downside Road, Sutton, Surrey. Excellent present.

SAILING Barge moored near St. Paul's. An arts club is being formed—exhibitions, recitals, dancing, etc. Ring CEN. 2848.

BABY-SITTING. Best references. Weekends. MAIda Vale 3785.

FOR Good Picture Framing done cheaply: BCM/PARTYME, London, W.C.1.

NERVOUS Tension Relieved by Nerve Manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment, a reintegrating therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

A Portrait taken at John Vickers' Studio need cost no more than 3 gns. Sittings with Mr. Vickers himself cost from 7*gns*. He specialises in portraits of those who have come to regard themselves as "difficult" subjects. An appointment is essential. VIC. 4915. 29B Belgrave Rd., S.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

QUICKHAND in one week-end: rapid note-taking using your ordinary writing. Send P.O. 15*s*. for complete course: M.A. Educational Service (NSN), 119 Brent St., London, N.W.4.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

1 ROAD accident in 7 involves a dog. Train your dog and keep him alive. Learn how. Write for Correspondence Course Prospectus to (CN) National Canine Defence League, 10 Seymour St., London, W.1.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Square, W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal loans from £30.

VITAMIN B. Your full daily requirement of essential B vitamins is provided by one dessertspoonful of pleasant-tasting Vita-Yeast. From Chemists, 3*s*. and 5*s*. 6*d*.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment: London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

WHAT Shall We Do With Our Lives? Holiday Conference for Juniors (12-16), Dec. 31-Jan. 13, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Opened by Julian Duguid. New Year Party, square dancing, outdoor treasure hunt, trip to Oxford and Blenheim Palace, theatre parties, "woodcraft" activities, etc. Full details from Secretary. Checkendon 221.

PERSONAL—continued

PADDINGTON Labour Pty. Xmas Bazaar: toys urg. reqd. AMB. 7078 after 6 p.m.

CONFERENCES and Summer Schools. Accommodation for up to 70 people will be available at Wiston House, near Steyning, Sussex, during certain periods in 1953. Board and lodging £4 15*s*. per person per week (sharing bedrooms). Special rates for week-end schools. Wiston House, a beautiful Tudor Manor with all modern conveniences, is situated immediately below Chanctonbury Ring. It is within easy reach of Brighton and Worthing. Applications should be addressed to: Est. and Org. Department, Foreign Office, Room 221, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane Street, S.W.1, advises friends, sages and bons vivants, that shopping hours from Saturday, December 6, 13 and 20, 1952, are extended to 5 p.m.

BECHSTEIN Grand for sale, 5 ft. 8 in. £350. MOUntview 3042.

CAT-LOVERS! Christmas Card in two colours, 8½ × 5½, based on Christopher Smart's "My Cat Jeoffry." 1*s*. and postage. The Caravel Press, 85 Bedford Gardens, London, W.8.

CHRISTMAS New Year on skis! Come and join one of our parties to Austria (Berwang, Lech, Gerlos, Kitzbühel). Departures from Dec. 20, 27, Jan. 3 and 17. Special off-season rates from 28½*gns*. Also Christmas house-parties near London or Warwick; there are a few last-minute vacancies, mostly for men. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 9225.

COOK-caterer and asst. cook wanted Dec. 23-30 for house-party professional people near Guildford. Box 5487.

RUSSIAN lessons by experienced Russian teacher. Box 5376.

PSYCHOLOGIST Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

FINHAUT.—Winter Sports for adults and children at lovely Swiss village. Accompanied parties or individual travel. C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Tel. 256.

WILL welfare-officers, club-leaders, party-organisers, etc., who are interested in inexpensive summer holidays in Austria & Switzerland without night travel, now contact F.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Gr., W.11.

WINTER Sports—for details of delightful, informal parties to Austria from 27½ guineas for 16 days, apply to Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. (NS), Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard Street, London, S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

INCOME Tax matters attended to. Traders' books written up, weekly, monthly, annually. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Road, London, N.W.3. 'Phone Hampstead 6666.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Why not get above the clouds this Christmas and bask in the sun at 6,000 feet while the island-bound are groping through the fog and drizzle?

P.P.S. Idea attracts you? Then get in touch with Harold Ingham at 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

GOOD manners, sound education, happy home for boys over three at Staddles, Chute Lodge, Near Andover.

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 5 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed. B.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. Cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls 9-18. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urban.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs. A happy purposeful community of a dozen adults and 50 children aged from 4-15. Recogn. by Min. of Educ. Fees £140 to £165 p.a.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SETTLING Estate, must sell modern stone house in 3-acre meadow. Near Corfe Castle. Fine views. Valued £5,000, accept £3,500. Particulars, Box 5328.

THE Yett, Ticehurst, Sx. Freehold. £4,250. A most picturesque and fascinating XVth century Sussex 'Hall'-type property with rose-clad brick and stone walls, part tile hung and tiled roof; charming setting in pretty ½-acre garden in lovely old village 9 miles Tun. Wells (4 miles main line). 2 large rec. rooms, hall, cloaks, kitchen, 4 beds, dressing room, bathroom. Radiators, all main services. Illustrated details from Messrs. R. E. Nightingale, Mayfield. (Tel. 494.)

This is indeed an odd newspaper

TO LOOK AT, the Manchester Guardian may seem old-fashioned. No concessions are made to the mass reader or the vulgar mind. You will search in vain for the tidbit, the juicy item, the Society scandal, the daily big-type bombshell.

What do you find instead? You find the old craft of good reporting and good writing. And that is curiously satisfying. You find yourself meeting minds which are clear, honest, cultured—and not self-conscious about these dying virtues. You find news, leaders, articles, comments, which you can trust.

You are not being bludgeoned into reading the Manchester Guardian. This fine newspaper is not for the millions. It is for the few—but not so few!—who do not ask either for the pompous or the sensational.

If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

I'm nane so lanesome as ye ween,
For here the Capull Coille play,
And Lapwings with their lovely sheen
Rise up to greef the day;
And here the voices of the past
Stream up the Glen, so light, so fast,
The voices of the long ago
That only Highland people know.

SILVIA TATHAM

TO HIS EVER-WORSHIPPED WILL FROM W. H.

WHENAS—methinks that is a pretty way
To start—my father spoke to you anent
The precious note I got the other day,
The perfum'd posy and the pot of scent,
My drownèd eyes are constantly bedewed
The cruel rod of wrath I have not 'scaped;
My mother has been cool, my brother rude,
Honest, you'd think I was already raped.
——You really think I'm like a summer's day?
Really and truly? Thank you ever so——
Behind the Globe, if I can get away,
I'll show my weals and tell thee all my woe.
In your next po'm, an thou wouldst give me joy,
Will you make clear I'm not that sort of boy?

FRANCIS

ALTHEA TO LOVELACE

Though love soars free, thou Love, art bound
So I am bound though free.
While in the hall the wine goes round
I kneel with rosary.
My soul becomes thy walls of stone,
Thy iron bars my heart.
To be with thee alone, alone
Can ease the woeful smart.

VALENTINE

CHESS: Patience Rewarded

No. 166

To see a long cherished dream come true is pleasing at any time. For a chessplayer at long last to get the coveted chance of springing a prepared variation thoroughly analysed and carefully secreted for eight years, that must be bliss unspeakable, the more so when he can spring the surprise on the very opponent it was meant for. It happened to Pillsbury at Cambridge Springs, 1904. But let us first see what happened over eight years earlier at St. Petersburg where, playing White against Emanuel Lasker, his opening moves were these:

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(4) Kt-B3	P-B4
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(5) B-Kt5	BP x P
(3) Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	(6) Q x P	Kt-B3

Pillsbury played (7) Q-R4 and daringly castled on the next move, hoping for a K-wing attack; but this was nipped in the bud by Lasker who, forthwith, proceeded to smash his opponent by a violent counter-attack on the Q-wing. It was one of Lasker's most trenchant games, but his victim spared no trouble to learn where he went wrong. Pillsbury discovered that he should have played (7) B x Kt, and in painstaking (but strictly solitary) analysis he made sure that this move gives White the advantage in every variation. Since the first six moves in that particular line of the Q-Gambit were quite popular at the time Pillsbury must have had many a chance of testing his discovery and reaping the fruits of his secret homework. But he would not waste it on the minor fry, not indeed on anybody but the great Lasker. For that chance he had to wait more than eight years until, in the Cambridge Springs tournament, the world champion, blissfully unaware of the devil's brew cooked up for him, steered his game into the same familiar channels—familiar, until Pillsbury surprised him (and everybody else) by his 7 move.

(7) B x Kt!!	P x B	(19) P-B4!	P x P?
(8) Q-R4	P x P	(20) Q-Q4	P-B3
(9) R-Q1	B-Q2	(21) Q x BP	Q-QB4
(10) P-K3	Kt-K4	(22) Kt-K5	B-K1
(11) Kt x Kt	P x Kt	(23) Kt-Kt4	P-B4
(12) Q x BP	Q-Kt3	(24) Q-R6 ch	K-B2
(13) B-K2!	Q x KtP?	(25) B-B4!	R-B3
(14) O-O	R-B1	(26) R x P ch!	Q x R
(15) Q-Q3	R-B2	(27) R-KB1	Q x Rch
(16) Kt-K4	B-K2	(28) K x Q	B-Q2
(17) Kt-Q6 ch	K-B1	(29) Q-R5 ch	K-Kt1
(18) Kt-B4	Q-Kt4	(30) Kt-K5	resigns

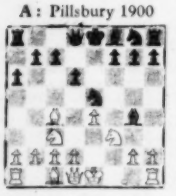
Annotations can be looked up in a good many anthologies; I would rather use the space for the climax of Pillsbury's famous game against Tarrasch in the first of all Hastings tournaments, 1895. Pillsbury won it, ahead of Lasker, Steinitz, Tchigorin and almost all the other luminaries of the time. He was, then, 23. He would have been 80 on the very day this issue reaches its readers. But he had been past his prime for years when he died in his early thirties.

At Hastings, having spurned a draw, he lost his 1st round game to Tchigorin. But the young man was undaunted when meeting Tarrasch in the 2nd round, and after 36 moves he reached this position.

(37) P-Kt5!	R-R6		
(38) Kt-Kt4	B x P		
(39) R-KKt2!	K-R1	(44) Q-Kt3ch!	K x Kt
(40) P x P	P x P	(45) K-R1!!	Q-Q4
(41) Kt x B	R x Kt	(46) R-KKt1	Q x BP
(42) Kt-R6!	R-Kt2	(47) Q-R4 ch	Q-R4
(43) R x R	K x R	(48) Q-B4 ch	

and the great Doctor, playing to the bitter end, was mated a few moves later.

A: Pillsbury 1900



In this week's competition, pride of place fittingly belongs to Pillsbury who, playing White, reached **A** in a blindfold performance. It is, of course, a position familiar to any experienced player; and just because it happens not infrequently in practice, beginners should learn to see at a glance how Pillsbury inflicted a mate in 3 (and how his victim, even after the key-move, might have avoided it). While this may well be overrated even with the customary 4 points for beginners, **B** White to win—though no less instructive (on a rather higher plane) may well be underrated with 6 points; so I had better add the useful little hint for competitors to bear in

B: N. Grigoriev 1937

C: Bondarenko & Liburkin 1950

mind the principle of "distant opposition." As for **C**—White to win—this is a delightfully instructive endgame study (on a still higher plane), and it should be fully worth 7 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set November 15

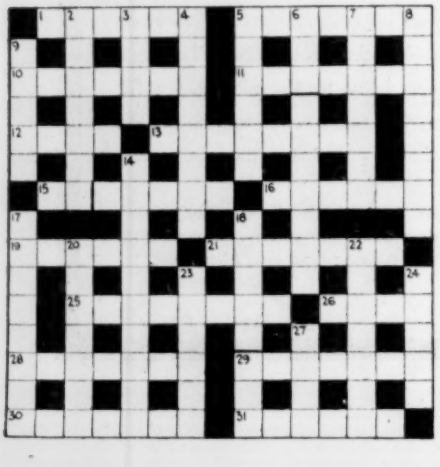
A: (1) P-Kt6, P queens. (2) P-Kt7, Q-B5. (3) Kt-Q5, B x Kt. (4) KtP queens, B x Q. (5) P queens ch, Q-B1. (6) Q-R5 ch, K-K1. (7) Q-K5 ch, B-K3. (8) Q-R8 ch and mates in 2.
If (2) . . Q-KKt 8. (3) Kt-Kt2! etc.
If (2) . . Q-K8. (3) KtP queens, Q-K1.
(4) Kt-Q5! B x Kt. (5) Q x B, Q-R1 ch. (6) K-Kt6, Q-K1 ch. (7) K-R7 etc.
B: (1) . . B-Kt4.
If (2) B-Q3, R x R wins a piece.
If (2) R-K1, P-Q4. (3) B any, B x Kt ch. (4) Q x B, R x R ch etc.
C: (1) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-B5. (2) P-Kt7, Kt-Kt3. (3) K-Kt3, K x Kt. (4) K-R2! K-B5. (5) Kt-B6 (R6), Kt-K2. (6) Kt-Q5 (B5) ch, etc.
If (2) . . Kt-B2. (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-K4. (4) K-Kt3, K x Kt. (5) K-R2, K-Q3 (K4). (6) Kt-K7 (B6), Kt-R3. (7) Kt-B5 (Kt4) ch, etc.

Many competitors were stumped by **C**. Flawless solutions from K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen, J. R. Harman, A. Schneider, who share the prizes. E. A. Barclay-Smith, E. W. Carmichael and R. C. Chaturvedi got very near. Gratifying response to the Rubinstein fund continues. It will be open till December 9. The total sum raised and an alphabetical list of subscribers will be published on December 20.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 25

ENTERTAINMENT



ACROSS

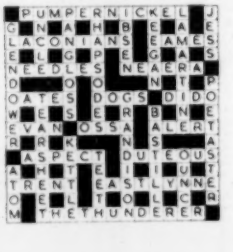
1. Obviously a star (6).
5. Actress who must keep her wits about her (7).
10. Booze and riches for this actress (7).
11. Pick an artist for a Greek play (7).
12. Knave to husband (4).
13. The standards of the London theatre? (8).
15. "We'll visit Caliban———, who never Yields us kind answer." (Tempest) (2, 5).
16. Make light of success in a novel turn (6).
19. A loud-speaker in a play is a consideration (6).
21. Tank conductor (7).
25. Titular permission needed to enter a London district, but not for Holloway (8).
26. Broadcaster sounds as if she has the beginning of a corporation (4).
28. Tune she is to show excitement about (7).
29. In the feeding-place there is a man who runs a theatre (7).
30. Bob acted in the spy lead (7).
31. Ham's Second House? (6).

DOWN

2. Demonstrative person of radio (7).
3. Film time at the end of the week (4).
4. An actor shows where those left dead are buried (8).
5. Has no part after the Western, so steals (6).
6. A feature of bowmen or yeomen (3, 7).
7. To take a piece out you contract what would make the play longer (7).
8. A man of position at the B.B.C. (8).
9. A means of admission for the critic (5).
14. Place in London for Juliet's interment? (10).
17. Persons who are responsible for muffled cries in the wings (8).
18. Film cricketer (5, 3).
20. "Against the —— I met a lion" (Julius Caesar) (7).
22. Pip's Pepper (7).
23. Entertainment for padres (6).
24. Some think he is without them as a singer (5).
27. Ballet maiden (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 24



APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. The University proposes to appoint a Senior Lecturer in Pure Mathematics. Salary range £1,000 × £50—£1,200 per annum. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 15, 1953.

UNIVERSITY College of Leicester. Applications are invited from graduates for the post of Secretarial Assistant in the Library. Initial salary within the range £300—£400 a year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent by December 12.

REHABILITATION. Post with international organisation concerned with rehabilitation of ex-service men; Paris headquarters. Probably extensive travel. British ex-serviceman, 30-40, with experience, good educational background, administrative ability, bi-lingual French, other languages an advantage. Only outstanding candidates should apply. Salary and allowances commensurate with qualifications. Write Box M.445, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the vacant post of General Secretary to the Post Office Engineering Union from applicants who possess a good knowledge and record of trade unionism. The post is not earmarked. Salary £850 by £50 to £1,050 according to age and experience, with permanency and pension (non-contributory). Application forms containing other details and requirements can be obtained on written request to the Acting General Secretary, P.O.E.U., Greystoke House, Hanger Lane, London, W.5.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Assistant Secretary to the Council of Social Service for Stoke-on-Trent and North Staffordshire. Candidates should have a Diploma in Social Studies or appropriate experience. Salary in the range £250-£350. Further information and application forms from The Secretary, Council of Social Service, 36 Cheapside, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.

ESSEX Education Committee. Appointment of Educational Psychologists. Applications are invited for two posts of Educational Psychologist for full-time two-team Clinics at Chelmsford and Ilford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should hold an Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent, and have had clinical training at a recognised training centre for Child Guidance Work. Salary scale—Men, £750 × £25—£950. Women, £685 × £20—£780. Further particulars and application forms obtainable (stamped addressed envelope) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

CALDECOTT Community, Mersham, Ashford, Kent. Experienced young house mistress (not under twenty-five) required for January for small group of children aged seven to nine. The post is one of considerable responsibility and should be of interest to those wishing to gain further experience in the care of the difficult and deprived children. Applications from college trained nurses would be considered. Salary £200 a year resident, rising by increments to £250. Apply in writing with copies of three testimonials to Miss Rendel.

PROGRESSIVE Residential school, 30 children (11-15). Required January, 1953, intelligent woman (24-25 years) general supervision of spare time activities (art, games, handicraft), well balanced personality. Previous experience children. Principal, Shotton Hall, Harmer Hill, Near Shrewsbury.

STAFFORDSHIRE Combined Areas Probation Committee. Female Probation Officer. The Staffordshire Combined Areas Probation Committee are prepared to consider applications for the appointment of a temporary female Probation Officer. Applicants should be between 23 and 38 years of age and should have had some experience in welfare and social work. If suitable the successful candidate may be accepted under a training scheme with a view to permanent appointment. Salary for temporary appointment is not exceeding £6 10s. per week, and the scale for permanent appointment according to age is £400, rising to £565 per annum. Applications, stating age, education, qualifications and experience of social work should be addressed to the undersigned at the County Buildings, Stafford, by not later than December 18, 1952. T. H. Evans, Clerk to the Probation Committee, County Buildings, Stafford.

WARDEN and wife required for small home-school, middle of England, maladjusted children. Responsible all non-school activities, handicraft/art/music/games, etc. Ideal position couple with psychological interests. Commence Jan., 1953. Box 5330.

CHILDREN'S Worker for Settlement in Paddington. Man or woman able to run Junior Clubs and undertake Care Committee work. For details apply Warden, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, W.2. CUN. 3688.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNITED Nations Association invites applications for Secretary to Council for Education in World Citizenship and Head of Youth Department, to promote teaching for international understanding within the educational system and U.N.A.'s work among young people. Candidates should have a knowledge of international affairs and administrative and public speaking experience. Salary £525 rising by annual increments of £25 to £700, with London Weighting of £26. Children's allowance and superannuation. Application forms, on receipt of s.a.e., from U.N.A., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

EDINBURGH Corporation requires Community Centre Warden. Qualifications—(a) Scottish Senior Leaving Certificate; (b) Training under S.L.T.A. or equivalent training or experience, and (c) 28 years of age or over. For those with these qualifications the salary scale is—men, £470 rising to £570; women £360 rising to £460. For those who satisfy only (a) or (b) and or are under 28 years but over 25, the salary scale is—men £420 rising to £470, women £320 rising to £360. Forms of application and particulars obtainable from Director of Education, 12 St. Giles St., Edinburgh, with whom applications must be lodged by December 15.

THE Magdalen Hospital Classifying School for girls 14-17 yrs. (within the Approved School Service). Drewstead Road, Streatham, S.W.16. Resident Housekeeper-Caterer required to take charge of the Kitchen and Stores and to do some cooking. Numbers 70-80. Applicants should be interested in and willing to work with difficult adolescent girls. Domestic Science training desirable, or should hold a recognised qualification. Salary £306 p.a. rising by £12 to £456. Plus London Allowance £36, less £78 board residence. Apply stating age and fullest particulars of training and experience to the Headmistress.

AN interesting selection of posts carrying opportunity for intelligent girls 16-25 with shorthand-typing or book-keeping. Professional, political, commercial. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606. No charge to staff.

EDITORIAL Reader and Proof Corrector required by publishers of filmstrips for Education. Woman graduate preferred. Write stating age, qualifications and previous experience to Common Ground (1951), Ltd., 44, Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts, requires matron and 2 teachers (one for nursery). Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

HOUSE Mistress (experienced) wanted January. Full charge small group boarders in Co-ed. Day School, North London. Written application. Box 5441.

WANTED. Tutor to coach two boys 11 & 12. Daily, non-residential. Refs. essent. Mrs. Selby-Bigge, Kingston, Nr. Lewes.

A NURSERY Helper required January 8, 1953. Small salary but interesting work and excellent experience in preparation for teacher-training, social work, etc. Apply immediately to Miss Grove, Chelsea Open Air Nursery School, 51 Glebe Place, S.W.3.

SHORTHAND-Typist reqd. City firm. Age 18-23. Staff pension scheme. Box 5352.

WANTED. Girl to assist generally, Christmas period. Woodlands Holiday Camp, Nr. Sevenoaks.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YNG. Canadian now living in England and holding Degree in Interior Architecture and Colour Psychology, also interested in Fashion & Fashion illustration, wishes find progressive post in London area with any branch furnishing, fashion trade. Box 5477.

OLDISH but alert foreigner, excellent in eight languages, good in four, passable in others, seeks employment. Box 5362.

YOUNG man (27), business and theatre background, seeks intelligent work with pleasant people. Box 5439.

YOUNG Dutch ex-Army officer, international experience, good knowledge of modern languages, interests music and arts, seeks position in music, arts, theatre Production Company. Box 5380.

LADY, 24, good educ., varied interests, seeks residential post as Companion Help or similar. S.W. England pref. Box 5342.

PART-TIME secretarial work wanted. Eng., German & French shorthand. Box 5343.

PART-time work wanted London or Windsor by student, aged 23. Qualified driver and excellent character. Harman, Flat 5, Clewer Lodge, Windsor.

EXPD. Secretary Sh./Typist free occasional periods. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1953 (March 15-December 15). Value Fellowship £450, Scholarship £150, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Send applications, with twelve copies of testimonials from universities of applicants, by January 15, 1953, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"HINTS on Etiquette" with delightful colour plates. Most charming, amusing small gift book. 3s. 6d. Turnstile Press.

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. "Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful." 1s. from newsagents, or 13s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

STALIN says: "We'll never beat the British if they have girls like these." He must have read "The Terror of St. Trinian's," the funniest book of the year and the finest Christmas gift for seasons. From all booksellers 8s. 6d. net.

THE Cambridge Journal, a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. December issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity."—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"INTIMACY," by Jean Paul Sartre. "Leaves 'Lady Chatterly's Lover' asleep at the post" (Punch). Now available again 12s. post free; Bernard Hanson, Ltd. (Dept. NS3), 11 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

YOU must read "Intimacy." See advertisement above.

THE Deanery Bookshop, 18 Clarges Street, Mayfair, W.1 (Mail Order Dept.) consider "Honey," by Jack Woodford & John B. Thompson, to be the most exciting book in England. Selected Lists sent free on applicn.

SEXUAL tragedy is the theme of Carrier's intimate, exciting, frank novel "The Hunt." From your bookseller or 12s. post free: Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

NIMRODS, The Book Hunters, will find that book you want. Send your list of wanted titles to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, N.W.2.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Dalgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

DER Grosse Brockhaus! ! Latest 12-volume edition just out. First volume this month. Illustrated prospectus and full particulars: Walter Gruen & Son, 28 Richmond Hill, Richmond. RICHmond 2591.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought and found. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

2ND.-HAND book lists regularly by request. Lamberth, 256 Durnsford Rd., S.W.19.

BOOKS secondhand posted. Write for free lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rms. Personal attn. Bed & breakfast from 12s. 6d. Meals optional.

HAMPSTEAD: Rooms with breakfast and evening dinner, 3 mins. walk from Finchley Rd. Stn. £8 p.w. for double room, £5 for sgle. Indians or Pakistanis welc. Box 5172.

ACCOM. available in Hostel December 18 to January 4. Home comforts. Families welc. Easy access West End. Apply Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Pk., London, N.W.8.

FURNISHED bed-sitting room, gas fire, gas ring, 32s. 6d. p.w. 81 Stile Hall Gdns., W.4. Kew Bridge. CHI. 4166.

DOUBLE Bed-sitting room to let. Well furnished with use of kitchen, 'phone. £2 10s. p.w. Near Tube, buses. GLA. 8254.

FURNISHED flat; two lge. rooms, bathrm., close Golders Green station. 4½gns. wkly inc. C.H.W., elec. light. Box 5346.

YOUNGISH people reqd. to share large furn. flat; Forest Gate. Box 5479.

FURNISHED flat to let, self-contained, near Chalk Farm Tube Station. Rooms may be sublet to suitable tenant. Rent £7 10s. per week. Ring PRImrose 6742.

CLOSE Belsize Pk. Tube. Well-furn. B.S. room, breakfast, bath, chg. facs. Tel. after 4, weekends after 11 a.m. PRI. 2403.

ROOM to let with breakfast in private residence, Redington Rd., Hampstead, 2½gns. per week. Write "B.P.R.," c/o Dixons, 1-9 Hills Place, Oxford St., London, W.1.

TO Let. Furnished house, Cliftonville, 3 double, 1 single, lounge, dining room. Mod. cons. £2 per week. December/March. Richards, 11 Lawn Road, Tonbridge.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

FURN. accom. offd. to another by woman artist, St. John's Wood. Box 5444.

WANTED small furn. flat with 2 bed-sitters, cooking facils. at mod. rent, by 2 brothers, pref. from January. Box 5379.

SADLER'S Wells girls seek unfurnished flat, s.c., 4-4 rooms. Convenient Hammersmith, Covent Garden. Box 5396.

SOUTH African, 18, Socialist, reqs. congenial accom. London area. Box 5455.

EDUC. youngish bus. woman wants nice acc., W. S.W., pref. use kit. Box 5453.

ACCOM. with part board desired by two Indian Univ. going students. Families with accom. for one may also apply. Box 5412.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

AUTHORS' MSS., Scripts, Theses carefully typed. Business documents copied. Mrs. Taylor, 34 Peel St., W.8. PARk 5504.

DUPLICATING typing verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 152 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

A RELIABLE Duplicating Typing service. Experienced secs. Mabel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19. ARC. 1765, Ext. 1.

HAZEL Porteous will type your Thesis, Novel, Play or Technical MS. Efficient personal serv., highly accom. by prominent writers. 79 Hamilton Rd., Felixstowe, Suffolk.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit., MSS., etc. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

THE Hampstead Secretarial Bureau. Efficient work by intelligent typists. Careful checking, speedy service. 24 hours for duplicating. Translations. Mod. charges. 2a Downshire Hill, London, N.W.3. HAM. 8879.

MISCELLANEOUS

PUBLISHERS seek novels with strong plots for Anglo-American publication. Return postage essential. Peter Owen, 50 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8857.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3, Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

SAVE 10s. in the £1. Buy your unrationed tea in bulk. 5 lb pure Indian tea for 12s. 6d. post paid. Send postal order direct to John Bennett & Co., Billiter Bldgs., London, E.C.3, wholesalers for over a century.

GUARANTEED watch repairs by qualified craftsmen. Send yours (registered) for free estimate. Swiss Watch Co., 32, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Partek (N.) 28 New Bond Street, W.1. MAY 3903.

WITNEY Blankets. White with coloured borders. Cellophane wrapped 60in. × 80in. weight 4lb. each 58s. 6d. 80in. × 96in. weight 5lb. each 56s. Post 1s. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 104), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

WHITE Nylon, heavy quality, 36in. at 7s. 11d. per yd; Black Nylon net, mesh, diamond or fishnet pattern, 36in. at 5s. 6d. per yd., 27in. at 4s. 3d. per yd. Post and packing 1s. Angel Trading Co., 155 Fentonville Rd., London, N.1.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: "Gentleman's Magazine," 1731-1877, offers; Horizon 2-20. Life Letters To-day 29-48; Penguin New Writing 1-33; Partisan Review 1947/52; World To-day, Nov. '46-Oct. '51—any reasonable offer; Brangwyn Drawings very cheap, also Wilson Steer, Sickert. Empire Portable Typewriter, £15; French Linguaphone records, complete, as new (seen in London); Portable Typewriter (Bijou), leather case, excellent condition, £11; Hand Duplicator, foolscap, 55s.; German Linguaphone; E.M.G. Acoustic Gramophone, large horn, electric motor, £25.

WANTED: Berkenau; Communist International; Dutch Linguaphone; Italian Linguaphone; London B.A. Blood.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item.) Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMBASSY, Pri. 2211. Tues., Fri., 8; Sat. 5 & 8.30; Thurs., 2.30; Sun., 7.30 (mems.). Peter Ustinov's "High Balcony."

ARTS, Tem. 3334. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 7.0. Sat., Sun., 5 & 8. Fay Compton in Jean Cocteau's "The Holy Terrors." Mems. 5s. yr.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). "Strangers in the Land. Weds.-Suns., 7.30. Tues., Dec. 9, 7.40, Russian Film, "Storm Over Asia," and Chaplin comedy. Mems.

IRVING, Whi. 3657. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.). Sun. 6.30. The famous Italian play, "The Sky is Red." Membership 5s. yearly.

IRVING, Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.), 10.30. Sun. 9.30. Edric Connor in his "Cabaret Caribbean." Membership 5s. yearly.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Dec. 7: P. Fresnay, Y. Printemps in "Le Voyage en Amerique" (U). From Dec. 8: Rossellini's "Open City" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., Dec. 7, 7.30, "Don Quijote de la Mancha" (U).

"LONE White Sail." Dec. 11, 7.45. Hatherstead Town Hall. Hamp. Film Socy. Tkts. in adv.: 11 Eldon Grove, Ham. 1636.

EVENING in Budapest: Max Goldberg (U.S.D.A.W.) on "Shops in Budapest"; Hosna Dorra, Martinique folk songs & songs by de Falla; Hungarian film, music and pictorial exhibition; refreshments. December 7 at 7.30 p.m. Adm. members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. British Hungarian Friendship Society, 33 Pembridge Square, W.2.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council, Christmas Market, open daily 2.30-7.30, Sunday 12-7.30, till Wednesday, December 24. Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3.

BARTOK'S "Bluebeard's Castle." Joan Cross, Arnold Matters, Stanford Robinson. Opera Circle, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Sun., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Partics.: Hon. Sec., 69 Kensington Court, W.8.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Albert Hall. Concert by Soviet Artists visiting Britain. Gi'els, Bezrodny, Kabalevsky, Yerokhin, 7.30, Tues., Dec. 9. Tickets 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d., from Box Office, Royal Albert Hall (KEN 8212); agents. Presented by Educ. Ctte., British Soviet Friendship Soc.

CONCERT of Contemporary Rumanian Music. The New London Quartet, Alan Loveday (violin), Leonard Cowan (piano). Compositions by Enescu, Toduta, Negea, Feldman, etc. Conway Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 17, 8 p.m. Tickets 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d. (Inc. Tax). British Rumanian Friendship Assocn., 101 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (MAI. 5988).

LONDON Music Group. Fri., Dec. 12 at 8.15. Cantatas & instrumental music by Bach, Kuhnau, Telemann. David Gulliver, Tenor & New English Consort. Recorders, Oboe, Viola Gamba, Bassoon, Harpsichord. Arts Council, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

MUSIC for Advent and Christmas. London Bach Society. Isobell Sage, Harry Brown. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield, E.C.1. Wed. next, Dec. 10, at 6.30 p.m. Programmes 1s. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1. At Church night of concert. Collection.

THE Savill String Orchestra. In aid of The Gardeners' Royal Benevolent Institution. 8 p.m., Dec. 10, at Chelsea Town Hall. Cond.: Patrick Savill. Soloists: Gareth Morris, Patrick Halling. Works by: Playford, Tartini, Delius, Sibelius, Telemann, Bartok, Smith-Masters (1st performance). Tkts. at hall.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Graham Sutherland. Ideas & Studies for Festival Painting "The Origins of the Land." Keith Vaughan. Retrospective Oils & Gouaches; Contemporary French & English lithographs. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VII, incl. paintings by Degas, Renoir, Canaletto, Wilson, Courbet, Corot, Picasso, etc. Dly. 9.30-6. Sat. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

ROYAL Society of British Artists, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Winter Exhibition. Oils, Water Colours, Sculpture, 10-5, Excluding Sunday.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St., Italian Rococo Paintings and Piranesi Etchings. Mon.-Fri., 10-5; Sat. 10-1.

APOLLINAIRE Galerie, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Drawings of Greece by Paul Hogarth. December 2-13, 11-7 incl. Sat.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Lithographs — Toulouse-Lautrec, Picasso (1952), Vuillard, Chagall, etc. Also Redoute "Roses" and Thornton "Temple of Flora."

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Work by Artists of Abbey Art Centre, New Barnet. Daily 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

IMPERIAL Institute Gallery, Imp. Inst. Rd., S.W.7. Contemporary Ceylonese Paintings by artists of the 43 group. Till Dec. 15. Dly. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

A.I.A. The Mirror and the Square. An Exhibition ranging from Realism to Abstraction. New Burlington Galleries, Dec. 2-Dec. 20. 10-6 inclusive Saturdays. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. New illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., London, W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition: Charming Small Works by English and French Artists.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Winter Exhibition of Drawings and XIX Century French Paintings.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue. Painting and Sculpture by Kati Lefelt, Russell Quay. Annabel Sprigge. Nov. 23 until Dec. 21.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Pictures by Bateson Mason, Felix Kelly, Paul Maitland (1869-1909). Drawings by Clifford Hall. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Senefelder Club, Colour Lithographs daily including Sats., from 11-6, until December 16.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Paintings by Anne Redpath. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: East End Academy 1952; daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6. Closed Mondays. Last day December 7.

THREE Young Collectors. An exhibition of Painting and Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Dec. 9. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., 10-8. Admission free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Sculpture by Kenneth Armitage, Pottery by James Tower, Pen and Ink Drawings by "Scottie" Wilson. From Tues., Dec. 9.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the Commonwealth; British Medicine and the Continent 1660-1850. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"PARTNERSHIP in Africa" forum of speakers: J. C. M. Alport, M.P., Peter Blackman & Peter Wright (Kenya). Dec. 5, 8 p.m., at the London School of Economics. Auspices of South African Students Association. All welcome.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The Future of the Colonies": A Conference. Speakers: Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P. (former Colonial Secretary), Lord Milverton, G.C.M.G. (formerly Governor of Jamaica, Nigeria, etc.), Joseph Appiah (President W.A.S.U., etc.). Thursday, December 11, 8 p.m. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Questions and Discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186. Tues., Dec. 9, 8 p.m. Poetry Reading. Geoffrey Grigson and James Kirkup will read from their own works at the Egyptian Institute, 4 Chesterfield Gdns., W.1. Thurs., Dec. 11, 8.30 p.m. Lecture: "Max Ernst" by Roland Penrose (illustrated). Fri., Dec. 12, 8.30 p.m. Alban Berg's opera "Lulu" intro. Peter Watson. Sun., Dec. 14, 8 p.m. Improvised Theatre by a group of young actors assoc. with the Old Vic. I. A modern version of the Commedia dell'Arte. 2/-. A more serious piece. Seats bkble. in adv. at ICA Gallery.

MILES Malleson and Alex McCrindle will speak on "Chinese Theatre," Mon., Dec. 8, 7.30 p.m., at Unity Theatre, Goldington St., N.W.1. Adm. free.

RICHARD Gorer, well-known authority on Czech music, will speak on 19th cent. Czech opera illus. with gramophone records. Tues. Dec. 9, 7.45 at 20 Pont St. S.W.1. arr. by British-Czechoslovak Friendship League.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Dec. 13 at 6 p.m. Mr. S. P. Vanderschoot: "The Private Life of Rembrandt van Ryn."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Dec. 7, Archibald Robertson, M.A. "Do Great Men Make History?" Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Dec. 9, Prof. F. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "Classes in English Society." Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Dec. 5, Mrs. D. N. Newson, "Population, Increase or Decrease?"

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "Personalism and the Crisis." Conway Hall, Wed., December 10, at 7.30 p.m.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10. (0 Mediation & Discourse every Sun. at 4 p.m. (ii) King-Way Hall, Thurs., 7.30 p.m. Dec. 11: Annual General Meeting for Members Only. Dec. 18: Swami Ghanananda, "Tests of Progress in Yoga." All welcome.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. "The Dangers of German Rearmament." Tuesday, December 9, 8 p.m. A. W. Lipmann-Kessel, F.R.C.S., M.B.E., M.C. J. Elton, Sec. Br. Ctte. for Peaceful Solution of German Problem. Hampstead Peace Council.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

AUTHORS' World Peace Appeal Conference. Please note change of address to Friends House, Euston Road; times as previously announced.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed. Dec. 10, 7.30 St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Patty." Spkr.: Morgan Phillips. Adm. 2s.

"HEALTH Services in U.S.S.R. & China" Dr. H. Joules. Chair: Dr. G. Signy. Mon., Dec. 8, at S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. and students 1s.). 8 p.m.

"WE Saw Poland" Youth Delegates Report, illustrated with epidiascope. Friday, Dec. 5, 7.45 p.m. at Warsaw Club, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Spkrs.: Sid Kaufman, Ruth Gregori. Free. All welc. Refreshmnts.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Dec. 11, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Prof. S. T. Bindoff, M.A., Univ. of London. Subject: "London and Antwerp in the XVIIth century." (Lantern slides.)

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn., Mon., Dec. 8: Dr. Otto Friedmann on "East-West Propaganda." Arts Theatre Club, 5-6 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m., Dec. 7, "Liberation from Fate"; Dec. 14, "From Death to Life." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 63, Queen's Gardens, W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stops, Bayswater Road, Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Station, near Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

"MARRIAGE and Divorce: the Problem of Family Stability"—Address by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., at Sunday Service, Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

TARBUT Le 'Am Jewish Cultural Centre. Sunday, Dec. 7, "Yehuda Leib Peretz—On the Centenary of his Birth": I. Nathani. 57 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m.

W. G. Archer will speak on "Romance and Religion in Indian Painting" (illustr. with lantern slides) Dec. 12, 8.15. All welc. No collection. 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2 (nr. Leinster Terrace & Craven Rd.).

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Cardinal Virtues." At Ethical Church, 44 Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, December 7, at 11 a.m.

"SIMONOV & Fedin" Ques. & ans. meeting on Soviet Literature & Drama. Chair: A. E. Cooper. 7.30, Sat., Dec. 6, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Is. 6d. Tkts: S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. WES. 1571.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lect., Wed., Dec. 10, 8.0. "The Noble Eightfold Path," Mr. R. Fussell.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CREATIVE Learning & Teaching: C. Gattegno & Jeanine Cannem. Dec. 12-19 Music & Drama. Nativity Play: Eva Fairchild & Kathleen Russell. Dec. 19-22. Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

CHILDREN'S Lectures on the Theatre in the Christmas holidays by Sybil Thorndike, Richard Southern, Donald Wolfit and Rosalind Iden, Martin Browne, George Speaight, John Clements and Kay Hammond —on Model Theatres, Puppets, Great Actors, Famous Plays, at the British Academy, Burlington Gardens, on Mondays and Fridays from December 29, at 3 p.m. Serial Tickets for six, inclu. tea, 25/-, from British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1. (EUS. 2666.)

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses.—January 1-4: "Bird Watching in Winter." Field work, lectures and discussion on the winter bird population. January 21-25: "Contemporary Drama Week-end": John Whiting's Saint's Day," the controversial Festival play will be read and discussed from the viewpoints of acting and understanding. February 2-8: "Painting and Poetry": Painting and drawing indoors, winter landscapes for the hardy. After daylight a programme of readings, music and discussion. Details and full Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes.

SLADE School of Fine Art, University College, London. Candidates for admission in October, 1953, should submit application forms by December 15, 1952, to the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College, London, Gower Street, W.C.1, from whom forms and conditions of entry may be obtained.

CHIROPODY as a Career. London Foot Hospital. Two-year courses for qualification of Society of Chiropodists (M.Ch.S.). Few vacancies for Course commencing April. Minimum age 17 years. Grants by Educational Authorities for assistance during training in approved cases. School under administration Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee. Prospectus: Principal, London Foot Hospital, 33 Fitzroy Sq., London, W.1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Lectures on French Literature in French, every Wed., 8.15. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte-playing.—Lechetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY. 2816.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

ALL modern languages including Russian, Hebrew. English for foreigners at Language Centre, Gayton Rd. New courses from Jan. 12. Moderate fees. HAM. 9867.

LANGUAGE Institute Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8512. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons. Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

SPANISH Intensive Course, Dec. 30-Jan. 3. (Commercial Spanish section). Hispanic Council, 2 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 6986.

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

CORONATION Year students joining the Langham Secretarial College on January 5 next will receive an extra month's tuition free of charge for tours and background lectures. Enrol now. Vacancies limited. Prospectus: Principal, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. (MAY. 2904.)

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1780.

GUITAR tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

CHRISTMAS in the country, with good food, pleasant companionship, homely atmosphere, every comfort and convenience amidst delightful surroundings. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.)

THOSE needing warmth, comfort and good food in quiet congenial private hotel (noted short-rest winter resort) invited write to 4 gns. (4th floor) inclusive gratuities, early tea, 4 meals plus afternoon tea, coffee, dainty supper. Twin Beds; Slumbersinks; h. & c., Welcome (breakfast in bed). Recommended by readers, also Quakers, etc. Normanhurst, Seafront, St. Leonards, Sussex. Facing South; best part, Londe prom.; opp. covered walk. No Sun-Lounge (orchestra daily); curative baths.

GLENEAGLES Hotel, Perthshire, famous wherever golf is played, reopens for 1953 season at Easter. Early reservations for Coronation Year advisable. Enquiries for accommodation will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

TREGENNA Castle Hotel, St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all year round. Reservations for 1953 Spring and Summer should not be delayed. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. Here is an hotel where you do what you like. It's friendly, comfortable and the food is excellent. Special diets. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

TURNBERRY Hotel, Ayrshire, Scotland's famous seaside resort and Ailsa Golf Course. Reservations should be made early for 1953 season. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

WINTER holiday in Scotland. Brooklinn Vegetarian Guest House, Callander, Perths. Now booking Xmas Callander 105.

WINTER is warmest at Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, Isle of Wight. A country house set amid a lovely wooded estate bordering the sea. Log fires, cent. htng. Garage 4 cars & R.A.C. appntd. Dirs.: Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater. I.o.W. Tel. 312.

CORNWALL. Trebartock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Remarkably sheltered. Log fires. Come for Xmas and early Spring flowers in January. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. For Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, and Polzeath. Excellent cuisine and all personal comforts guaranteed. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

CROFT House, Burcot, Oxon. Oxford 8 miles. Ideal for winter residence, convalescence. Booking now for Christmas. Central heating. Fishing, tennis, billiards. A.A., R.A.C. Tel.: Clifton Hampden 232.

MANOR House Hotel, Moretonhampstead, Devon. Very popular West Country hotel. Golf, fishing, tennis, etc., within own grounds. Open all year round. Enquiries will receive the personal attention of the Resident Manager.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 701 and 733

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London W.C.1.